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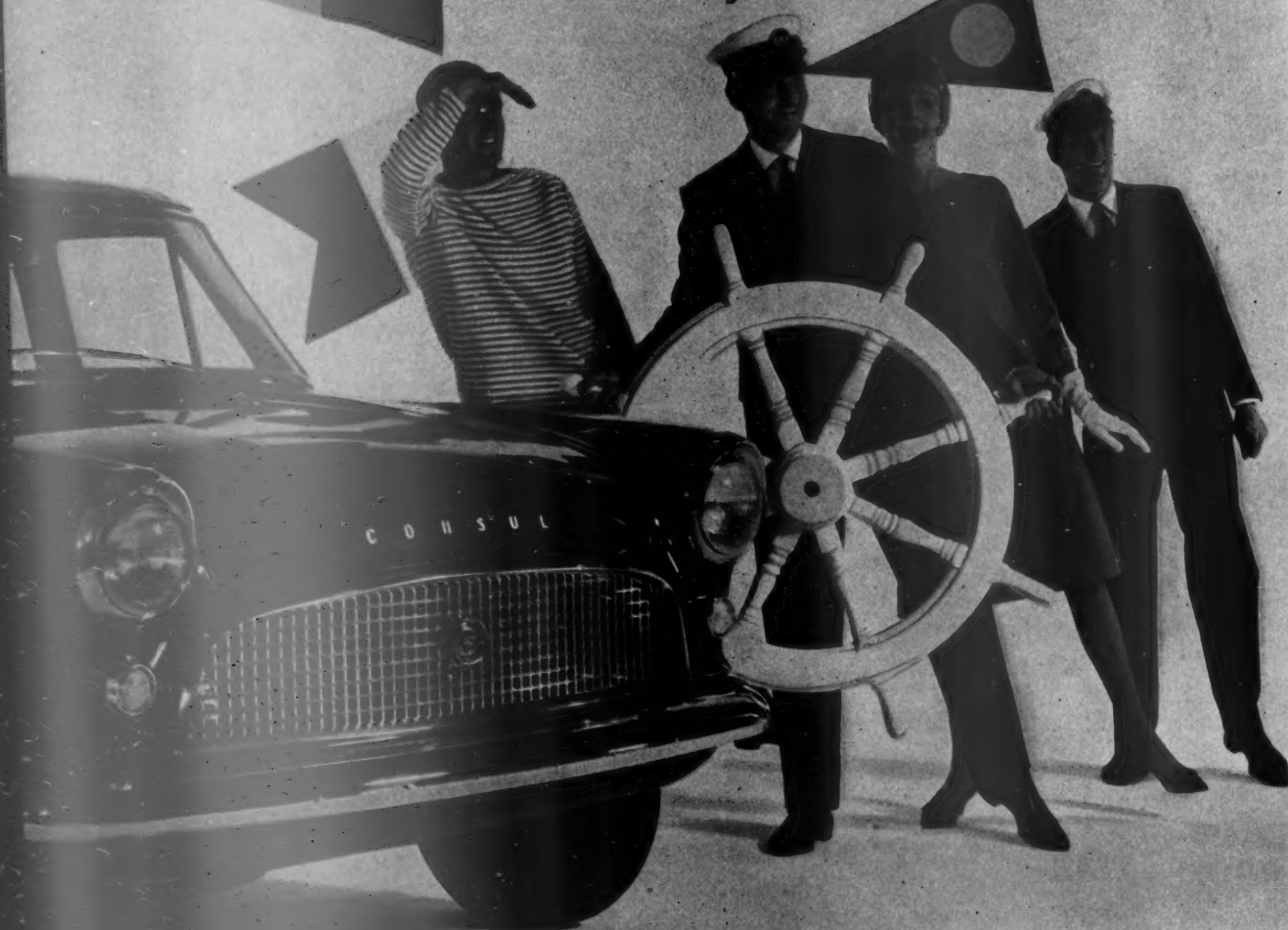
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MAR 7 1961

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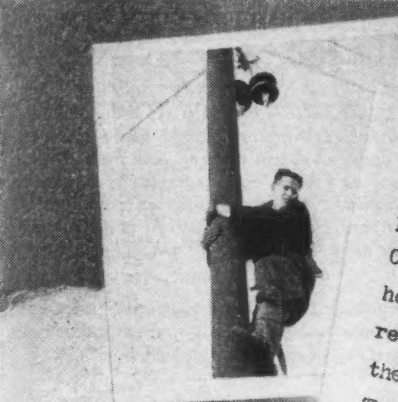
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a quick line to let you know I have finished the second "practical" bit of the course. It's a jolly good thing putting us on the job every six months. I was in the Construction Department this time and learned about overhead lines the hard way. Once I got the knack, though, I really enjoyed pole climbing. It's like rope-climbing in the gym really, but with something when you get there. The Foreman lineaman seemed fairly pleased about me anyway and I wouldn't mind staying in Construction when I finish my training if I get the chance. Mum will be happy to

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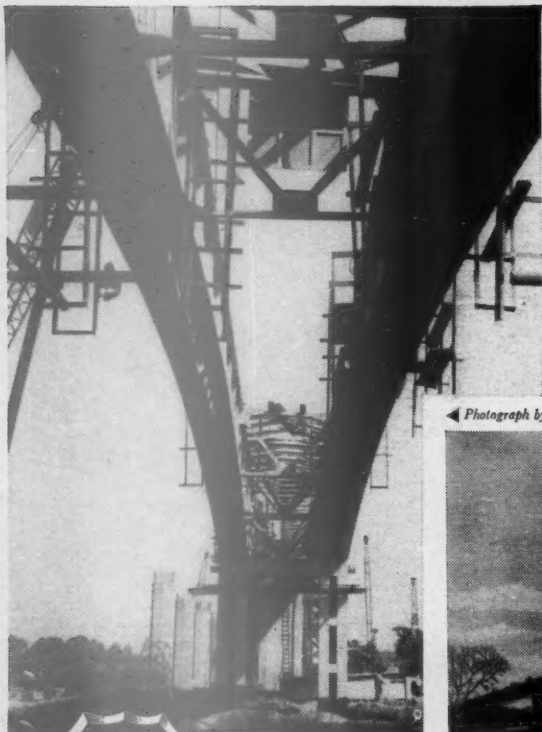
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P.16

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Viennese Coffee**

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murmured the driver, "secure in the knowledge that my lorry-load of highly perishable commodities will keep in perfect condition. My vehicle, you see, is insulated with Fibreglass Crown, the most effective material for the purpose yet devised. Fibreglass Crown, I understand, provides insulation that will never shake down; it is extremely light, wonderfully resilient and is endowed with great flexibility and tear strength. All in all, a very remarkable material indeed."

Cripes, a philosopher! thought his mate. All the same, there seems to be a moral here for all of us geasers in road, rail and marine transport.



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The Thirtieth Annual General Meeting of Colvilles Limited was held on February 3 at Glasgow.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by Sir Andrew McCance, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., D.L., Chairman and Managing Director, for the year to September 30, 1960:—

By the end of the last financial year in September 1959, it became clear that confidence was returning and that business was moving, bringing with it a rapid increase in the demand for steel. Our experience has confirmed the best expectations we had formed and all sections of the plant have been under strong pressure from our customers. The improved production facilities now available have enabled the company to meet that pressure with greater success than ever before and have demonstrated the economy in the production costs of our modernised plants.

It is gratifying to report that the trading profit after depreciation for the past year of £13,546,840 is a record for the company. The Board recommend that a final dividend of 10 per cent. be paid, to make a total of 16 per cent. for the year.

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES—A BUSY YEAR

The Lanarkshire Steel Co. Ltd. has been very actively employed during the year. The demand for joists, both heavy and light, has been strong and is being maintained.

The Clyde Alloy Steel Co. Ltd. has had an exceptionally busy year and new records for sales and production have been achieved.

As has been noted in previous statements, the growing market for special steels made it necessary to consider an extension to the plant engaged in their manufacture.

The demand for sheets has been maintained at a high level and has exceeded the available production facilities in Britain. As a consequence, a revival in the demand for hand-mill sheets has followed and the works of Smith & McLean Ltd., have been well employed throughout the year. So far as present indications show, good employment should continue for some period ahead. The galvanizing section of this company has been only moderately engaged during the year. No immediate revival is anticipated.

The production of ingot moulds at Fullwood Foundry Co. Ltd. has increased with our higher steel production.

Ravenscraig Strip Mill is unquestionably the most important of the development schemes which the company has undertaken and I am glad to report that progress on the 68-inch 6-stand hot mill with the breakdown mill and the accompanying slabbing mill has been maintained at a satisfactory rate throughout the year. Equally good progress has been made on the 4-stand cold reduction mill and the other ancillary plant at Gartcosh.

FUTURE TRENDS

As has already been mentioned, the demand for steel products throughout the year has been strongly maintained. All the mills in the group have been working at full capacity and this has naturally had a favourable influence on both costs and earnings. As the year progressed, however, some weakness showed up in the export markets, bringing in its wake intensified competition and low prices from foreign makers. This situation was paralleled by the continued dullness of the home demand in America where little sign of recovery has so far been evident. It is significant that in both the United States and on the Continent there is a growing uneasiness that the expansion of capacity has overtaken rather too rapidly the expansion in demand and that productive capacity in excess of demand had indeed already been brought into existence. This fear may or may not be seriously based, but it is a warning that must be most carefully considered.

The rate of growth in steel consumption during the post-war years has been unusually high and it has been maintained over a fairly long period. There is a natural tendency in consequence to believe that this same rate of expansion and demand will continue and to think in terms of plans to provide plant and equipment to meet it.

Before such decisions can be made, however, the influence of new factors must now be taken into account. In the field of export one must bear in mind that some of the less highly developed countries, which for many years offered an important export market, are promoting schemes for the production of their own steel in order to curtail their dependence on supplies from outside. The growth in the spirit of nationalism throughout the world is another complication which presents occasionally some little difficulty in the development of satisfactory trade relations.

To draw adequate conclusions from so complex a world situation is therefore difficult, but whatever situation develops to concentrate on lowering production costs still further must continue to be one of our major objectives.



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PUNCH

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Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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*For overseas rates see page 266.

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The London Charivari

COME to think of it, it's not the first time in British history that there's been a struggle for power between King and Chancellor.

Row Row

SENSITIVE residents of Fiddlers' Row, Whitwell, want the name changed to Vine Cottages. Once fiddling meant little old men bowing hard at



village weddings or itinerant Irishmen or vigorous occupants of orchestra pits. Now it means cheating, getting something on the side, not major crime but mean dishonesty. Yet the Oxford Dictionary gives this meaning to the word as far back as 1604 and one wonders whether Fiddlers' Row didn't originally mean dens of minor iniquity rather than musicians' homes. Anyway, do the violins normally live next door to one another? Where are there Woodwind Rows and Percussion Rows? And what are local temperance organizations going to say to Vine Cottages?

Production Line

A CURIOUS outcrop of superstition in our age of reason is the belief that fertility jujus still work. Those who feel there may be something in them are going to feel uncomfortable over the

report that Mr. James Mellaart, an archæologist, has dug up a seven-thousand-year-old fertility-goddess factory in Turkey. On the other hand, as we seem to be living on the edge of a holocaust from which only a tiny minority will survive to repopulate the world, it is something to know that the things can be turned out on a conveyor belt.

Long-Term Policy

BRITISH manufacturers got a whiff of much-needed cheer when that U.S. automotive spokesman told a conference that the American compact car was disappearing. Our people aren't being too optimistic, all the same: it



could mean that it was only disappearing as a result of gradually increasing compactness.

The Ageing Young

FOR his survey of spending habits among the young, Dr. Mark Abrams defines a teenager as between fifteen and twenty-five and unmarried. I had assumed, in my carefree way, that at twenty the worst of the teenage problem was over. Whatever trail of devastation was reported in the press, one had only



"Why is it that you always want the little clubs to win in the Cup? Why? Why?"

to hold on tight and in a year or two that particular bunch would be over the dangerous age. Now hope is extinguished. Once the age limit neatly imposed by the termination "teen" has gone, where do you stop? Why not wild, milk-drunk teenagers of forty? Why not move down the lower age-limit to ten? My guess is that Dr. Abrams has surrendered to pressure from some cosh gang of Peter Pans.

Room at the Top

IN its story about the proposed new television tower in Moscow (which will out-top the new London one by a thousand feet or so), the *Daily Worker* refers to the Empire State Building as "the world's highest." Is there any significance in this? The Empire State is 1,248 feet high, but the Palace of Soviets in Moscow is 1,365—if you count the statue of Lenin which surmounts it and accounts for the final 328 feet. Can it be that official Communist propaganda is going to write off Lenin as it once wrote off Trotsky?

King's English

STUDY of The Cecil King's English might be recommended as compulsory reading at schools, especially schools of economics. Last week Mr. King said: "No amalgamation of the *Daily Herald* and *Daily Mirror* will ever take place during the period of the

Mirror group's control of Odhams." The following day, when asked "Does that mean you will never close the *Herald* down?" Mr. King replied: "It does not mean that. The losses of papers doing badly are astronomical." This is the nearest approach in real life I have ever found to Humpty-Dumpty, who could make words mean whatever he chose, though admittedly he had to pay them more in such case. "There's glory," both for Mr. King and Humpty-Dumpty, meant "There's a nice knock-down argument for you."

In the North

WHERE did the Brontës write their "smouldering masterpieces?" Students of Granada advertisements know the answer to that one. Proudly, Granada lists the peculiar advantages the girls enjoyed: a grim rectory on grim moors, ill-health, worry, a blind father and a drunken brother. "In all that can inspire creative art," the advertisement concludes, "so much of the best is in the North." I must say it makes the South look pretty silly, with its healthy parsonages in lush meadows, and all those sober, unhandicapped people loafing about with never a thought for creative art.

The Flag that Makes Men Free

I ENJOYED receiving from New York a letter whose stamp portrayed the Statue of Liberty beneath the proud slogan "Liberty for All." The whole



"Night porter, yes. You thought you heard a seal bark... which room, please?"

In next Wednesday's
PUNCH
"Four Years of Kennedy"
A Forecast
and
Pop People's Romance
by
MONICA FURLONG

thing was cancelled with a postmark saying "Aliens must report their addresses during January."

First Things First

THE trouble with the press (no, not that trouble) is its go-aheadness. I suppose when the Wright Brothers hopped those first uncertain yards off the ground all the headlines started saying "THE MOON NEXT?" What we laymen want is a minute or two to consolidate our reactions. No sooner had that monkey gone aloft, with a lever to pull when he wanted a banana, than out flashed a news story "U.S. PLANS TO PUT A KITCHEN INTO SPACE." Some of us would be content, for the time being, with a bit of space in the kitchen.

The Good Book

IT was nice to see the Granth coming into the news the other day. The Granth is the sacred book of the Sikhs, which is always unobtainable, as on this occasion, when it is required for swearing Sikh witnesses at London police-courts; but it has long been more familiar to me as an alleged, or rather the alleged, rhyme for "month"—

From the Indus to the Blorance

Rode a Rajah in a month,

Sometimes sucking at an orange,

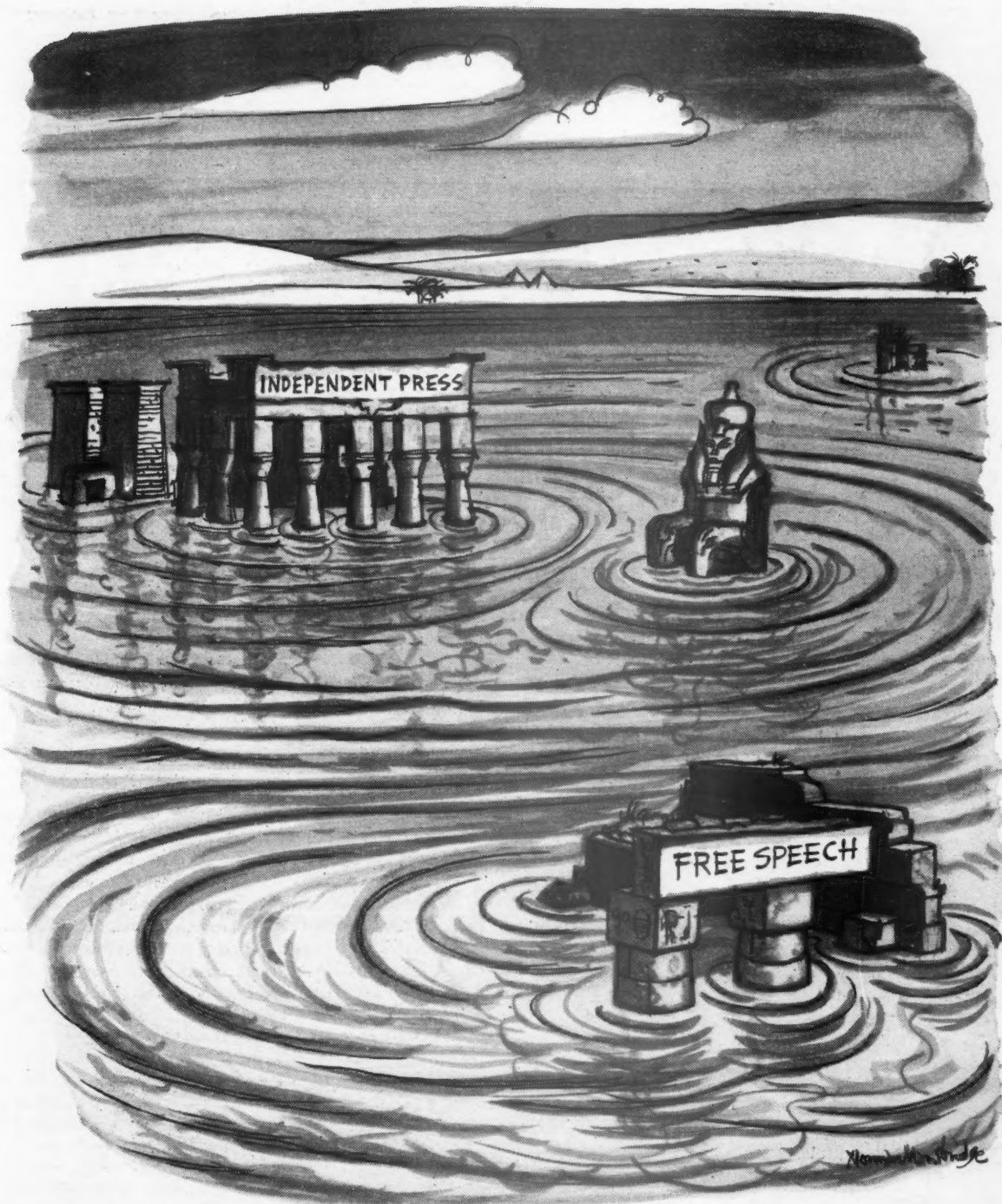
Sometimes reading in his Granth.

The first time I was shown this verse Granth had been mistyped Granta, which made it less effective as a verse but provoked a rather more interesting train of thought.

Panic Over

DESPITE an ostensibly thawing Mr. Khrushchev it's still pretty hard to find a piece of really comfortable reading on world affairs. The nearest I've come across, admittedly over the shoulder of a man in the train, is the title of a current *Reader's Digest* article: *This IS the Third World War.*

—MR. PUNCH



THE WATERS OF MAMMON



POP PEOPLE'S HOLIDAYS

By MARSHALL PUGH

Immediately below the Top People come the Pop People, the men and women in the street who are at the receiving end of mass production. This article, the eighth of a series investigating what these consumers consume, deals with holidays

I USED to be a traveller myself, one of the millions of British travellers who spend their summers avoiding trippers and tourists.

When the seven-hour queue for the Skye car ferry began; when the Kosy Café, Tobermory, had a juke box with two hundred records, including the "Skye Boat Song," sung by the Beverley Sisters, and "Beatnik Fly" among the classical selections, I went to Spain.

In a Catalan village I was eventually accepted as an honorary local who respected the traditions. It was bad form to put a Franco postage stamp on an envelope the right way up. The shade from the schoolhouse belonged to a retired English naval commander who had parked his car there, for summers out of mind. Only Scots were supposed to hooch in the fast movements of the sardana.

Then tourists began to arrive in strength. They said that they had been driven from Tossa del Mar by the egg-and-chip signs, from San Feliu by phony flamenco and tourist toreadors, from anywhere near Barcelona which was so full of tourists that the Plaza de Cataluna pigeons were staggering their hours and attacking the food bags in squadrons.

One newcomer, a jester from Bury, Lancs., mimed to Tommy Steele records, wearing a false moustache, with balloons stuck up his jumper. He loved siestas in the open air. "Thought I was in hell when I woke up," he used to say. "Only the sun on my eyeballs. What's that funny smell? Fresh air?"

There were two French sports from Nancy. They would take their goggles and flippers and harpoon guns, watch the sardines at more than ankle depth, describe it all like Cousteau when they made the shore. Sometimes they stayed up after dinner, drank *coñac* from the private bottle in their room, then raced round the hotel with fly-swats, laughing like extras in the guillotine scene. Their swats were of plastic, specially bought. Gauze swats created currents and warned the flies, they said.

Indoors, by day, a girl from Tulse Hill favoured a woollen one-piece bathing suit with high heels. British women were dowdy, she said. In summer, dress-sense deserted them as if dress-sense were a kind of chilblain. She danced an impressive barefoot cha-cha and a solo Charleston. She could never decide whether another guest reminded her more of Sinatra or the Lonely Man in the telly commercials.

When I moved it was hard to find another place. Any British traveller like me, speaking a hundred words of Spanish with an impeccable lisp, will always be warned off tourist traps by other British travellers.

Granada was out, it was generally agreed. Nothing but pimps and high buildings and illuminated signs. The *Generalife* was over-run. It was over-rated, anyway, wouldn't stand comparison with Kew. The gipsy caves had radios, electric lights, refrigerators, and all those Finchley *aficionados* with their castanets and tape-recorders. The Almeria and Alicante areas were in German hands. Torremolinos had floodlit clock golf, new hotels with clinker-built bars, ear-splitting plumbing, A.A. approved murals on the walls.

The world was shrinking but I was unwilling to shrink with it. Only seven million people go to Blackpool nowadays. Water ski-ers, woad-coloured with the cold, ride the waves off Oban. There are three times as many travel agencies as there were before the war. Cars for the Continent have

more than doubled in the past five years. Hawaiian fire dancers are on the itineraries for Jamaica. Bled, once known for Marshal Tito's summer intrigues, is now noted for its tennis. Any attempt to opt out of the mid-summer international first-footing ceremony is an insult to the facts and a snub to statistics.

Still, I tried. Everywhere in Spain I met travellers, laughing at the tourists in the crowded places. One long brave titter ran up the Spanish seaboard.

So I went to Tangier, out of season, stood with other British travellers in a bar. Everyone knew that Casablanca was a sun-demented Liverpool, that it was simple to lay on a self-drive car for the Marrakesh to Mogador milk run, that there were tourists on the golden road to Agadir.

The proprietor of the bar was a British thief who skipped bail and has been selling his life story to the Sundays, in two-year slices, ever since. The travellers carefully ignored him. Around ten, an Arab wearing the djellabah brought in the evening papers and the hashish. The travellers yawned and drank their beer.

Later that night one of them confided in me. Tangier had changed, he said, a Messina girl wouldn't lose her reputation there. He said that he was an undertaker by trade, he thanked God that his trade wasn't seasonal, he could take his holidays when he liked and dodge the crowd. We were wearing overcoats. The Tangier rains were just about to break.

In the end I settled for Ibiza. From the mainland it was generally viewed as unspoiled, cosmopolitan, unpretentious; a Balearic Earls Court. As the ship approached Ibiza, I was warned against living in the port. It was full of American Beatniks and Slutniks and Beatchicks, drinking absinthe, sunburning their berets, listening to Bunk Johnson records in the on-limit bars. I should go to the village of Santa Eulalia, or the village of San Antonio, they said.

No one in the port had a good word for Santa Eulalia. It was the Anglo-Saxon quarter, they said. Too many English people speaking diphthong-haunted Spanish, blackballing each other, setting their watches by the B.B.C. news.

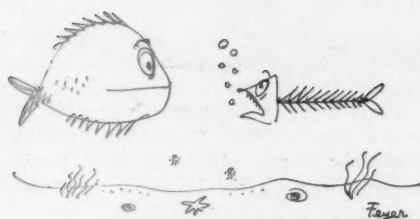
The Santa Eulalia residents laughed off the idea of San Antonio. "Entirely up to you. Wouldn't advise it, quite honestly. Too many Krauts. We call that river the Rhine."

On one point there was general agreement. In high summer it was better to leave Ibiza altogether and go to the neighbouring island of Formentera. In high summer the main tourist parties came.

Even a resident tourist guide was pessimistic. "The tourists don't want to *do* anything. One of our trips is to a monastery to sample wine. We really had to *sell* that trip," he said. "We called it GET DRUNK WITH A MONK."

I settled in a tourist bungalow, on a beach, by a giant hotel which catered specially for the British. The proprietor had decided that German tourists were too arrogant and demanding, the French were too food-conscious and too





"I've been ill."

mean. He gave the British what they wanted. The verandas were shaded by potted palms and promising bougainvillea, old trees were teased through new holes in the steel and concrete awning. The tables had white linen and a dazzling display of cutlery, the walls depicted fishing boats and olive groves and bloodless bull-fights. There was a small private beach where they could all bathe together in a mass-baptism ceremony. They could buy British cigarettes and eat good old British scoff, plunge into the Med in a British bathysphere.

High summer came and the tourist flights arrived. Suddenly, we could buy mainland beef instead of island mutton, drink mainland wine instead of the local resin. The airstrip stopped closing at the first rumour of rain. The Spaniards came out in summer clothes to see the tourists, taxi-drivers doubled their rates and learned to smile.

Everyone worked and had full bellies, washerwomen had

new materials to rinse in salt water and beat out on rocks. They sang as they worked, enjoying their days by the sea. The town band serenaded Sunday evenings. Tourists would stop at the back of my house.

"You're British, aren't you? That's funny, I'm British. Come to the hotel and have a Tio Pepe. It's very cheap, you know."

Newspapers began to arrive within six days of publication but I think someone gave me the Sunday paper with advice by a consultant psychiatrist:

Do you plan your holidays ahead? Things left to chance encourage that calm, let's-enjoy-whatever-happens attitude.

Do you send postcards to your friends? If you have the courage to forget them all at home, you'll really relax.

Do you look out for people from home? You will rest better if you don't have to talk about home.

Do you look for English food? Flexibility is the keynote of easy resting.

Only conform. Only remember that 1500 British travel agencies also know the little place you know. Only admit that the only people who hate tourists are other tourists. Those simple, smiling locals are directing their simplicity and their smiles at all of us. The headaches vanish. The hardship goes from holidays.

Next week: Pop People's Romance

Those Lecture Reviews

WHEN the proctors summoned the editor of the Oxford *Isis* and banned that magazine's forward-looking policy of publishing full length reviews of dons' lectures, it may have been thought among the uninformed that that was the end of the matter. But every good journalist knows that stones thrown into pools produce ripples that spread rapidly outwards in ever-increasing circles so, ban or no ban, I lost no time in going down to see what was happening at one of our most famous public schools.

Mr. Edward Brent, a tall pipe-smoking M.A., received me in his comfortable book-lined study, whose windows look out over the playing fields of Chanctonbury, and made no secret of his opposition to the new development. "It is all very well," he told me, "for this Mr. Plamenatz to say that he sees no reason why undergraduates should not review lectures. I understand that he lectures on Rousseau, Hegel and Marx, and I don't doubt that he is glad to have somebody in the room taking notes, even if they turn out later on to be adverse criticisms. He would find it a very different matter

if his job was to try to cram a little elementary geometry into the thick heads of a couple of dozen boys.

"I do not know," he went on, "upon what subject Mrs. P. R. Foot, of Somerville, who is quoted as saying that she saw nothing wrong in being reviewed, is wont to lecture. But I observe from the same report that her lecture received a favourable notice. Even Mr. Noël Coward, I suspect, at one time took a less jaundiced view of critics than now seems to be the case. However, that is beside the point. All I ask—"

"The practice has now been banned," I reminded him.

"The ban has come too late," he said frostily. "The harm has been done—not so much by the reviews themselves, which I have not seen, as by their endorsement by those who should know better. These high-minded dons, who speak out so boldly in favour of free speech among students, should spare a moment from Marx and Hegel to consider the probable consequences of this kind of thing—its impact upon the impressionable minds of young people lower down the educational scale."

"What sort of impact?" I asked.

Mr. Brent took up a copy of *The Ring*, Chanctonbury's fortnightly newsletter, which was lying open on his desk, and tossed it across to me. A typed headline "SAVED BY THE BELL" caught my eye.

"It is intolerable," he said, "that hardworking masters should be faced by that kind of twaddle at the end of a tiring day."

In so far [I read] as any coherent theme or message emerged from Mr. Brent's performance last Friday (Lower Fifth, 11.50-12.45) it appeared to be that the exterior angle of a triangle equals the sum of the two interior opposite angles. This statement, truism if you will, though neither very new nor very profound, may still be worth making from time to time; what is inexcusable is the failure to get it across with either conviction or clarity in a full fifty-five minutes of so-called exposition. One has learned not to expect miracles, but it should surely have been possible in the time available to dispose of the main proof and then go on to hammer home a couple of useful corollaries.

"I know the name of the boy responsible, of course," Mr. Brent said.

To give Mr. Brent his due [I read

on] his blackboard work was good; indeed he produced the base BC as far as D with a confidence and sureness of touch that many of his colleagues might well envy, while the difficult parallel CE was accomplished with positive élan. But he has not yet cured himself of his old fault of tapping the extremity of each piece of construction, immediately after its completion, four, five or even six times with the chalk, as though to draw attention to the achievement. Nor is his habit—

"Have you come to the bit about my trousers yet?" Mr. Brent asked with a rather wolfish smile.

—of constantly calling out "Any difficulty there, Thompson?" where no difficulty could conceivably exist, one like to enhance his reputation with an O-level audience. What is so often forgotten by those who have been stuck too long in the grooves of Academe is that the modern pupil is quite capable of asking for enlightenment himself, without prompting, if he thinks that any is likely to be forthcoming.

"It seems to me," Mr. Brent said, "that teaching will become impossible, if this kind of thing is to be encouraged by the so-called heads of our profession."

"Ah, this must be it," I said, reading on. "This is Tynan in embryo stuff here."

Whether it is the business of a reviewer to comment upon turnout, in addition to content and presentation, may be debatable ground. But we cannot forbear to remark that where the eye is delighted the mind is more receptive and, though it would be hypercritical to demand that the creases, let us say, of a busy schoolmaster's trousers should be so precisely parallel that they never meet, they should at least *start*. Shapelessness sorts ill with the properties of triangles,

nor can the unravelled hems of pullovers—

"Upon my word," I said, wiping my eyes, "this is liberty degenerating into something very near licence. You will ban these reviews from now on, I take it, Mr. Brent?"

"Of course. Naturally. Yes," he said. "Though not perhaps immediately. There must be no appearance of panic. They are planning, I believe," he ended inconsequently, "to give old Hepworth a going-over in the next issue."

February

CELESTIAL month of income tax behind,
Of soppy Valentines with silver chimes,
Spring fashions on their battlefield aligned,
And letters about migrants in *The Times*,

And travel guides to beaches in Malay,
When aconites arrive, and plumbers lurk;
Blest month of getting thirty-one days' pay
For doing only twenty-eight days' work.

— PENELOPE HUNT



"Score a goal and end up with foot and mouth disease."

Mr. Kingson's New Bid

*All school magazines to
come under his control?*

MR. ROYCIL KINGSON, head of the mammoth *Mirror-Odhams-Thomson* publishing group, announced last night that he has made an offer for all the school magazines in the country. They will join the parish magazines and the theatre programmes which he took over last week. The terms of the deal have not been revealed, but are said to include new science blocks and squash courts all round.

"It will obviously be to the advantage of all schoolchildren to have control of their magazines centralized," Mr. Kingson said in a statement issued last night. "There will be more uniformity in the presentation of material, and boys and girls formerly engaged in editorial positions will be freed to devote more time to reading, writing and arithmetic."

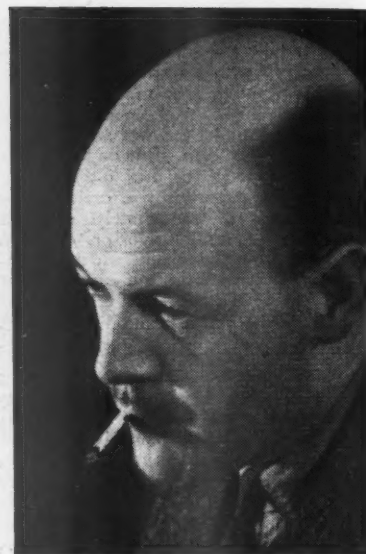
"As soon as arrangements can be made, the school magazines will be printed centrally, leaving blank spaces where necessary for the insertion of names. Substantial economies can be effected by this means, while ensuring that the different magazines, or mags, as we call them, retain a modicum of their own individuality."

Asked if it was intended to close down any of the magazines, Mr. Kingson said "There is no possibility whatsoever of any of the mags being closed down, but of course when I say no possibility whatsoever I do not exclude the contingency that a mag may have to be closed down for the general benefit of the shareholders in the *Mirror-Odhams-Thomson* group. Schoolchildren, with their innate sense of fair play, will be the first people to recognize the rightness of such an action."

Reaction in the schools has been violently disapproving. Brian Botterill, 15 of Vicat Street, S.W.6, who is editor of *The Seatonian*, the organ of the Seaton Street Secondary Modern School, Chelsea, told our reporter "I think it's a rotten swizz."

Our Contemporaries

The following magazines are known to have passed already into the control of the *Mirror-Odhams-Thomson* group: *The Aldenhamian*, *The James Allen's Girls' School Magazine*, *The Alleynian*, *The Edward Alleyn Magazine*, *The Bancroftian*, *The Beaumont Review*, *The Blundellian*, *The Bradfield College*



Mr. Roycil Kingson, head of the *Mirror-Odhams-Thomson* group. Mr. Kingson was formed by an amalgamation between Mr. Cecil King and Mr. Roy Thomson.

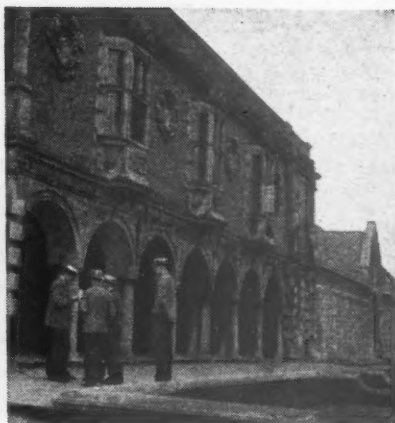
Chronicle, *The Brightonian*, *The Brom-leian*, *The Carthusian*, *The Cholme-leian*, *The City of London School Magazine*, *The Dauntseian*, *The Denstonian*, *The Dulwich College Preparatory School Magazine*, *The Edinburgh Academy Chronicle*, *The Edwardian*, *The Elizabethan*, *The Epsomian*, *The Eton College Chronicle*, *The Felstedian*, *The Fettesian*, *The Gower*, *The Grey Coat Hospital Magazine*, *The Haileybury and I.S.C. Chronicle*, *The John Adams School Press Review*, *The Kearnsey College Chronicle*, *The King's College School Magazine*, *The Lancing College Magazine*, *The Latymerian*, *The Laxtonian*, *The Leys Fortnightly*, *The Lorettonian*, *The Marlburian*, *The Mill Hill Magazine*, *The North Essex and Herts School Magazine*, *The Ousel*, *The Periam*, *The Pimperl*, *The Radleian*, *The St. Andrew's College Review*, *The St. Dunstan's College Chronicle*, *The Sennockian*, *The Stoic*, *The Tonbridgeian*, *The Trident*, *The Upper Canada College Times*, *The Whitgiftian*.



◀ What is in store for boys like these? Here the editorial committee of a school magazine is shown discussing the merits of a sonnet submitted by a member of the Classical Vth. Educational authorities doubt whether the loss of this kind of activity is wholly compensated for by the provision of a new physics laboratory.



ETON—The *Eton College Chronicle*, a weekly with a circulation of over 1,000, is a plum capture.



WINCHESTER—Alma mater of Gait-skill and Cripps, a fit home for a stable companion to the *Herald*.



CHEAM—This renowned preparatory school has already forged enduring links with the popular press.

The Merger and the Man

What is Mr. Kingson's object in taking over the school magazines?

Any idea that it springs from sentiment may be dismissed at once. Mr. Kingson was himself at school when he was a boy, and remained there until he left, but he took no interest in his school magazine. "I made only two appearances in it," he once said—"one, under the heading *Avete*, or maybe *Salvete*, when I first went to the school; the second, under the heading *Valete*, when I left."

School authorities, who realize the distaste Mr. Kingson must feel for a system in which every school produces a paper under its own auspices which always turns out to be exactly like every

other school's paper, fear that he may attempt to impose greater uniformity.

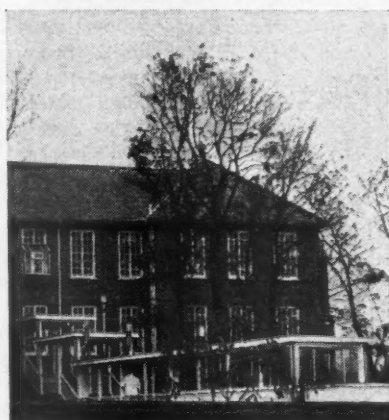
"We shall all have to do the same school play at the same time," said one London headmaster bitterly, "and there will be syndicated characters for the football team written by the sports staff of the *Daily Mirror*. If we have any special customs of our own they will have to be reported on little duplicated insets as if they were Errata."

It is possible that this is too gloomy a view. A week has now passed since Mr. Kingson took over the theatre programmes, and so far there has been no change there, except that they have become even more microscopic in size and the price has gone up to half a

crown. This increase was defended by Mr. Kingson at the time on the ground that the programmes must pay their own way.

Mr. Kingson has admitted that there may be some casualties among the smaller school magazines. "But look at it this way," he says. "Isn't it better for a publication to be honorably discontinued by a reputable firm such as ours than simply die a squalid death as the result of inanition and lack of funds to pay the printers' bill?"

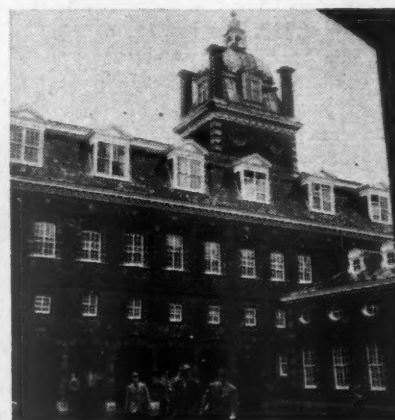
Meanwhile the question is, where will Mr. Kingson strike next? From *The Times* to the wrapping round the cooking-fat, no one can be regarded as entirely safe.



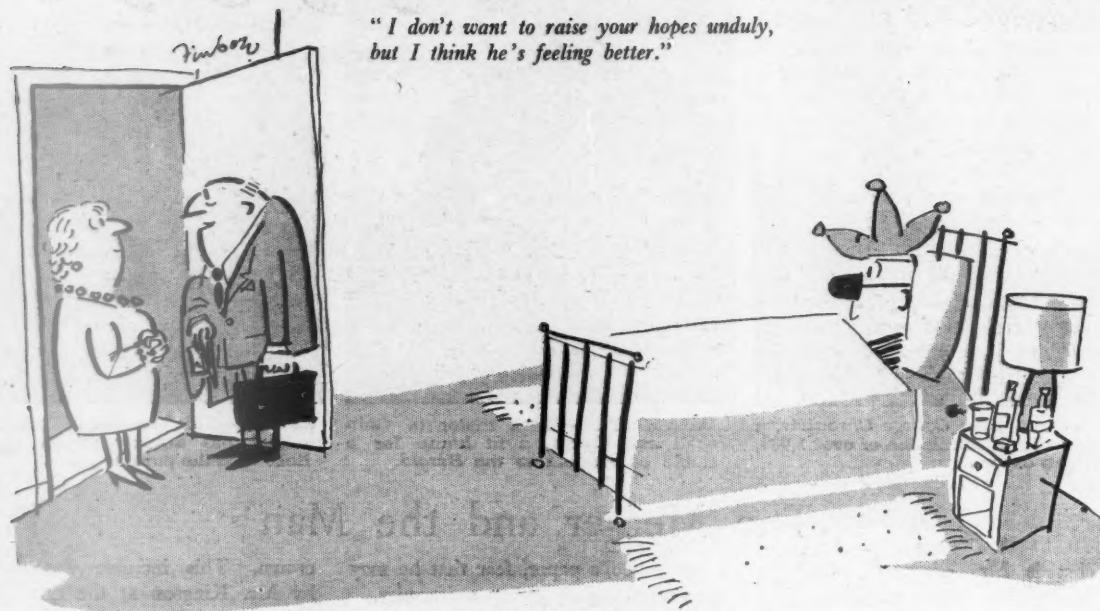
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—The *Elizabethan* published here is not the *Elizabethan* published in Bream's Buildings, E.C.4.



RUTHERFORD SCHOOL—This one was just put in for its looks, but Mr. Kingson will not overlook its literary potentialities.



WELLINGTON—Wellington's motto, derived from its founding Duke, is the same as the *Mirror's*—"Publish and be damned."



Wanted: A Plan for Snuff

By E. S. TURNER

ONE of these days, when a woman panellist on a TV game lays a train of powder along her naked arm and greedily sniffs it up from wrist to elbow; after the manner of good Queen Charlotte, we shall know that the public relations boys have moved into snuff.

At present our panellists are so little snuff-conscious that they failed ignobly to guess the occupation of a snuff-blender, Mr. Vivian Rose, whose politely offered samples they sniffed with a certain wariness.

Snuff positively cries out to be exploited. For years the sales graph has been slowly rising on both sides of the Atlantic. Perhaps only a sly fillip—a stunt costing no more than a black eye-patch—is needed to turn the solace of the few into the rage of the many.

Conservatism among manufacturers seems to be the obstacle. Some years ago British snuff firms could not agree on a plan for collective advertising. In America an agency produced a poster

showing a young man saying to a girl in a roadster "I know you're sweet because you use So-and So's Snuff," but the representatives of the snuff firms shook their heads; George Washington wouldn't have liked it. It was never used.

Part of the trouble, in America, is that most snuff-takers do not sniff the stuff but put it in their mouths, harbouring it between gum and lower lip for hours, as do the Scandinavians. This is not the easiest of practices for a poster artist to illustrate. In Britain, praise be, we still *sniff* snuff, though with less ostentation than of old.

Obviously we do not want a campaign which is a crib of current cigarette advertising. "When you're feeling lonely . . . try a sneeze" doesn't sound quite right. That infatuated young couple who keep lighting up just when you expect them to go into a clinch could conceivably be converted to the Titillating Dust; but it would be better to break new ground.

The first thing that ought to be

cleared up is whether sneezing is necessary to snuff-taking, or whether it is the mark of the novice. A man who has settled down to a steady régime of Golden Cardinal or Kendal Brown will feel no urge to sneeze, though he probably will if he is offered a pinch of, say, Cuckoo or Carnation. Yet many a snuff-taker will insist that a sneeze is good for you. On the directions with your snuff you may even find quoted an old snuff-taking drill which ends up with "sneeze, spit, wipe your nose." From the public relations aspect this is all very confusing.

Like smoking snuff-taking is *satisfying*, though nobody is quite sure what it satisfies. "Most people," says a snuff-maker, "probably take snuff for the simple reason that it clears the head, acts as a mild form of tonic and is refreshing." A suitable occasion for taking snuff, he suggests, is during a pause on a long car drive, to counteract mental fatigue (but the novice, one feels, ought not to risk a bout of

sneezing on M1). This authority also says "The majority of the people who have started taking snuff during the past few years have done so because they have been told that it would help them to keep free from colds." Workers in snuff factories seem to have fewer colds than most people; but it is not claimed that a pinch of snuff will ward off the effects of going out for coal in one's pyjamas on a wet night. Women may care to be reminded that snuff is a useful defence against male aggression ("Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew, A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw"—Pope, *Rape of the Lock*).

Surely there are some publicity angles in the foregoing? Of how many products can it be said that they sharpen the wits, destroy germs and protect wily virgins? Yet snuff has many more selling angles. It is a form of tobacco that can be taken in a no-smoking theatre (all the sneezing in theatres must not be blamed on snuff-takers) and it can also be self-administered in a court of law. Judges, magistrates and barristers still regard snuff as part of the act. Whether the man in the dock is entitled to help himself to a pinch, after first offering his box to the policemen on each side, is a matter on which it is difficult to obtain a ruling, but in

simple equity it would seem to be permissible.

The real problem is how to interest the younger generation, eager though they are to leave no potential vice untried. There are rumours of snuff-taking in Chelsea, but we don't want the habit to be identified with the higher delinquency. At present it is something of a mystery how young snuff-takers acquire the habit. As in the Law, so in the Church, on the Stage and in the printing works the usage is traditional and the young do occasionally follow the quaint customs of their elders. At regimental dinners, young officers feel they would be lacking in respect to the heroes of Blenheim and Badajoz if they did not help themselves to the contents of those splendid silver-capped ramshorns, with spoon, rake and brush attached.

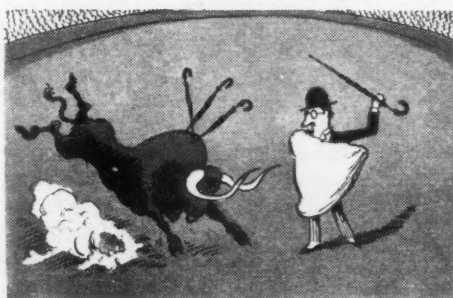
Offering a snuff-box used to be thought an admirable way of breaking the ice, being warranted to produce conversation and detonation all round. Even now the ritual of tapping a handsome box three times gives a man time to think of a witty answer, or indeed of any answer, besides lending an air of profundity which cannot be achieved by flicking away at an inefficient cigarette-lighter. How sad, by the way, that the Irish have abandoned

(or have they?) their convivial custom of setting a plate of snuff on a corpse for the convenience of mourners. Jocund nonagenarians used to rally each other by saying "I'll have a pinch of snuff off your belly yet."

We must not overlook the economy angle. An ounce of snuff at, say, eight-and-sixpence (one *can* pay twelve-and-six) will last a moderately heavy snuff-taker for a week, which compares well with the cost of a moderately heavy smoker's supply of cigarettes for that period. And there is also the purity angle. No matter what one may have read in old files of the *British Journal of Inebriety* (latterly renamed the *British Journal of Addiction*) the composition of snuff is closely regulated and no one need fear he will undergo a change of voice, or worse, through taking aboard lead, zinc, copper and old bones with his tobacco. Of legitimate additives in the form of perfume there is, of course, a gratifying range, smacking of everything from ferny grots to babies' talcum powder.

The Russians, who mock us for our vices, will have much to say about our "Sniff More Snuff" campaign. It might be worth recalling that they themselves were once so heavily addicted that the Czar ordered snuff-takers' noses to be cut off.

Q. Would Bullfighting Succeed In Britain?



Putting People into Books

By CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

IN a recent B.B.C. broadcast, William Sansom, the novelist and short story writer, remarked that almost the only question writers ever get asked at cocktail parties is: "Do you *do it* on a typewriter?" As another, or perhaps the other professional writer of Sansom's generation—for we are really very few—I can confirm that this strange question is indeed one that recurs steadily. Why? What possible interest can the answer hold for all those women in all those smart black little dresses and suits? Indeed, it holds none. Sometimes I answer yes, sometimes no, sometimes don't know: their reaction is identical, faint relief. Most of the ladies then turn happily away to talk to the stockbroker or the muckraker or

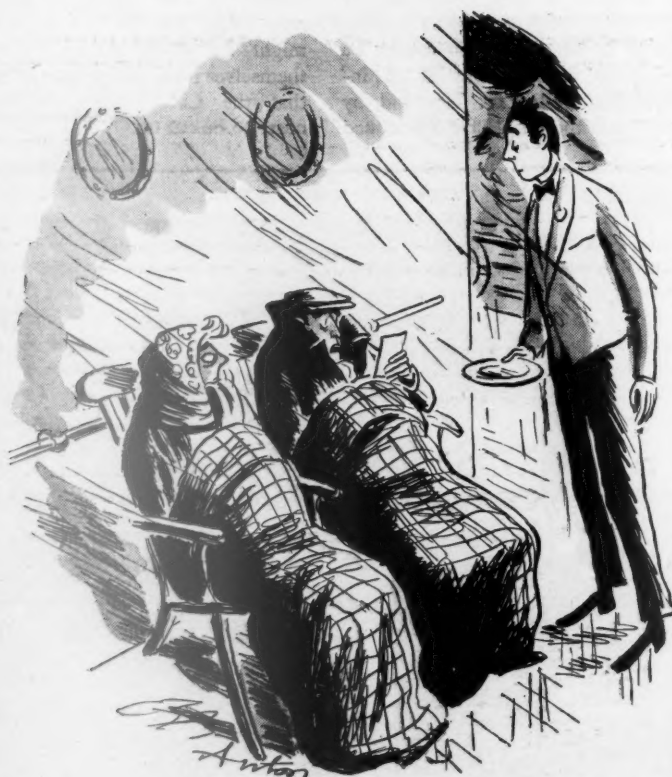
whoever else may be to hand. What, I have often wondered, do they ask them?

But occasionally there is nobody else to hand, and then comes the second question: "Tell me, Mr. Er, do you put *real* people into your novels?" Now I know not how my friend and colleague Sansom replies to this. I do know that I hedge. I even lie. I say that I *never* put real people into my novels, that nothing would induce me to indulge in so cruel and even barbarous a practice. But I am ashamed to say that I do. And this piece-of-doing-it-on-the-typewriter is a sort of confession, for the time has come, I feel, to draw back the veil—if not the whole way, then at least a few inches. So . . .

The first step, of course, is to catch your people. This used to be simultaneously quite easy and, from another point of view, extremely difficult. That is to say, people used to be more *disponible*, being less *engagé*. Nowadays there is no longer any question of just catching people, the way Balzac or Proust used to do, under a bridge or on some ill-lit boulevard, and putting them straight into a novel. They have to be invited to the house, elaborate alibis or even aliases prepared, National Insurance cards completed, in some cases—as with those rich English persons who go so well into novels—death duties averted five years before the putting into the novel actually takes place. These, as every writer knows, are among the incidental disadvantages of living in a Welfare State.

On the other hand we do profit from the technology of the age. A person, in his or her pristine form, is a large and bulky object: a novel—particularly a paper-backed novel which is nowadays the objective of us all (though I do not propose to discuss the so-called *penguinization* of authors)—is a small, compact parcel. The novelists in the old or olden days therefore used to have to make very large novels, even whole series of novels, of their people. (Dickens, Melville.) The only really first-class novelist who still practises this charming, Proustian technique with his people is my friend and colleague Anthony Powell, and it is generally asserted by the critics that his manner is somewhat reactionary. Nowadays, with the assistance of various machines that are quite easily obtainable on the hire-purchase system, it is much easier to deal with a person or even with people whom a writer may wish to put into a novel.

It is not my purpose here to describe the whole "boiling down" process, as we call it in the trade, nor yet to explain how we set about the "extraction of essentials," the "kernel of personality" and the rest of the elaborate business that we have to know about, even as a



"It's a get-well-soon card from the chef."

serious painter must know how to mix his own paints. My own system, I am glad to say, is both up-to-date and comparatively inexpensive. I do it myself, with my own do-it-myself kit that I keep in the cellar. I cannot admit that I enjoy this part of my trade. The process is long, messy and sad. But at least when they're done, they're done thoroughly. I have recently even learned to extract my own glue—for the bindings—which makes quite a difference to the material costs. But above all when at last I've put a person into a book, I know that it's *my* book, beyond the possibility of argument and dispute, and what is more I know that that person will stay in that book for ever. (There is the sad story of my friend and colleague Nigel Dennis, who once thought that he had put several people into a book only to find them, weeks later, out of it and on a stage in Sloane Square.)

As for catching the person, that is, I fear, inevitably a trade secret. I can only say that pre-war methods, such as those once employed by my friend and colleague Graham Greene (who had a sort of van, like a dog-catcher's van, with which he used to tour the Downs above Brighton) are no longer advisable, at least not in England. Nor are the movable manholes that my friend and colleague, Gerald Kersh, used to set so skilfully at the same period. Subtler methods have to be employed to-day. Protest marches are all right if you wish to march very large numbers of people into your novels, but for those with a do-it-yourself kit the work becomes intolerably overwhelming. Lethal cocktail parties, once much in vogue, produce drunken, untidy people and therefore of course drunken, untidy books. Sex as a method of catching them can be very effective but is also highly dangerous unless practised by a real expert.

But surely, after all, there are in every trade certain matters that are acceptably secret? And then think of the fun the kiddies will have working it out for themselves! An essay here, an essay there . . . And, at the end, such a very *real* literature. No doubt the younger and the youngest generation will make great technological strides forward, long after I and all my friends and colleagues shall have been finally and painlessly penguinized.

THEN AS NOW

The dogs have never been the only extraordinary creatures at Cruft's.



SORRY SHE SPOKE

Young Robinson (who has a very good opinion of himself, and has just been introduced). "I THINK I'VE MET YOUR UNCLE, MR. ERNEST BROWN, AT DOG SHOWS?"

Miss Brown. "OH YES, UNCLE WILL GO TO THOSE DOG SHOWS, AND MEETS THE MOST APPALLING PEOPLE!"

September 24, 1898.

Diversions on a Ground

By FRANK SHAW

"SEXILY COSTUMED show-girls," says the *Daily Mirror*, unashamed and sibilant, "performing dogs and circus acts may become familiar sights" on soccer grounds "if one man has his way."

I am glad the Uncle never lived to see the day. I know what he would have done with the one man and his dogs. As for showgirls and all they stand for, wasn't that why, more or less, he went to the match? Lord John Sanger or Colonel Cody could never have put on a circus to equal the Uncle's own display, especially if

McCracken played the one-back game and the referee was obviously in the pay of the Orange Lodge. It is my opinion that many of the fifty thousand spectators at Goodison Park were there to see, and hear, the Uncle.

Everton never had a supporter to equal him. He would have felt every sympathy with the supporter of Rio's Flamengo who, after his team's defeat, tried to cut his hand off. (Another fan had died of apoplexy, a third shot a supporter of the other side and the losing team came off crying, drying their eyes on bits of their shirts. "Some

cried convulsively," records *Time*, "others had faces wrinkled with intense suffering.")

When the Aunt made a rude remark about Mr. William ("Dixie") Dean he had to be restrained from seeing Mr. Silverman to have her indicted for treason. "How good of you, Mr. Murphy," said a neighbour whose husband, an influential publican, had died suddenly on dockers' pay-night, when the Uncle appeared close on the heels of the P.P. and the doctor. "God rest his soul," said the Uncle. "Have you his stand ticket for to-morrow?"

Not that he was against the arts being wedded to sport. I hear that in the U.S.A. when a British team toured there a loudspeaker brayed to the crowd "Here, folks, is Hunter, the goal-tender; tall handsome hero of a hundred desperate battles. Next comes Bobby Collins, only sixty-three inches tall, every inch a load of dynamite. Give him a big hand! Now, my friends, the Clark Gable of the team—"

That sort of thing he could do for himself. His little descriptive pieces when the other team came on sounded like a producer rehearsing a new play with the Royal Court company.

In Trinidad, during quiet moments,



"I withdrew from the human race
some time ago."



poems are recited in praise of the combatants. That he would have approved of. There was a fellow used to sell ginger-snaps—if the Uncle had been Prime Minister, Massfield would never have had the job—who was a pretty nimble rhymers. The Uncle thought the world of him.

Long before TV commercial lyrics he would claim "They're used by Wall, He's always on the ball," "Used by Troup, That's why he makes us whoop," even "Used by Fazackerley, So he can pass exackerley." I'll never forget the first week Chedgzoy turned out. Only last Saturday he announced "Used by Vernon, Worth every penny he's earnin'" and I thought I could hear the Uncle's ghostly approving chuckle.

Uncle also liked the band from some local orphanage playing during breaks and he was one with all the rest in delighting in the ballet movement of bobbies kicking stray balls back into play. But there's reason in all things. If you go to the Walker Art Gallery to have a look at "When did you last see your father?" you don't want flipping attendants doing a bit of fancy dribbling or heading a ball. If you go to the library you don't expect to find fellows waving rattles round the Graham Greene shelves and shouting "Five, six, seven, eight, who do we appreciate?" Would someone shout out "Buy a book" to Sir Malcolm Sargent refereeing at the Philharmonic?

Yet the Muses mingled with Mars in the Uncle's finest hour when Everton

played Liverpool the year Poetlyn won the National.

A Royal person happened to be staying out at Knowsley. Lord Derby brought him to the game; there they were under the clock. The band of St. Aloysius Gonzaga's Orphanage was caught on the hop. Patriotic tunes of the type apt to the occasion were not in their repertoire. Quietly old Dinny McNamara had been vigorously rehearsing them right through the second half just behind the touchline. Their efforts could not be heard over the shouts.

Then the Everton centre-forward, Irvine, an Irish international, had the ball, both backs beaten, in front of Liverpool's goal. Silence fell on the field. There were only seconds to go and the score was nil-nil.

Shrill and fruity, over the green, sending the birds into higher flights and shattering the nerves of the few in their homes within a mile circuit, came the first perfectly registered notes, the brass excelling itself.

Automatically Liverpool's goalie, Belfastman Scott, jumped to rigid attention. Irvine made no mistake. The final whistle shrilled as the Uncle called a blaspheming Liverpool supporter a "thick-head" and pushed his bowler over his nose. A few minutes later as he pushed his overcoat over my knees and asked for a cheap scholar's ticket (he had a pensioner's pass for the trams himself) he gurgled happily through his pipe "You know, I never liked that tune before!"



On the Notice-Board . . .

. . . of the Charlie Porcelain All-In Wrestling Agency.

VIOLENCE IN THE RING

THERE has again been noted a regrettable tendency for violence to creep into engagements between members of this stable. Only three months ago when the Eskimo Strangler badly bruised the wrist of Tony the Cyclops it was stressed that brutality has no place in the all-in wrestling ring. All personal differences, petty spites and mutual jealousies over bits of skirt must be left behind in the dressing-room. Fights must invariably be performed as rehearsed. Wrestlers who concentrate on the running order of holds, their scheduled periods of supremacy and the timing of acrobatics, grimaces and groans should have no time left for brooding over private grudges.

The unsavoury affair which gave cause for this notice occurred at the Bermond Street Baths last Friday when the Mad Martian Monster and Joe Peaknuckle, Champion of Tasmania, brawled with disgraceful viciousness over who was going to take that Fat Nellie from the salt-beef bar to the pictures. They defied all attempts to part them and in the ensuing bundle both the Monster's big toes were dislocated, three of Peaknuckle's ribs were buckled, two seconds were laid cold with buckets, our popular referee, Lonny Sospan, slipped a disc and I myself was personally thrown into the lap of a lady in Row B. As a result neither artist was fit to appear in his second bout on the programme, the one disguised as the Mysterious Masked Marquis, the other done cocoa as the Tahitian Terror.

You are all reminded that this stable has bills to fill on four nights of each week and we cannot meet these contracts if wrestlers are going to hurt one another. Always keep in mind our Golden Rule—THE MAN IN THE RING WITH YOU IS YOUR PARTNER, NOT YOUR OPPONENT.

CHARLIE PORCELAIN,
Proprietor.



TYPICAL ATTITUDE
OF DOG TO OWNER
AFTER OWNER
TOLERANCE TEST

Which Dog?

In two days' time Cruft's will be here. The daily press will feature pictures of chihuahuas peeping out of pockets, great danes lounging against their owners' shoulders, pekes being pomaded and a welter of other dogs. It will be surprising if the Consumers' Association does not seize the opportunity to advise the readers of "Which?" on how to choose a dog.

Brands

There are far too many brands of dog for a really comprehensive test, but these can be divided into three basic classes:

- (1) Brands advertised as having some special function, e.g. beagles.
- (2) Brands produced solely as pets.
- (3) Unbranded models, technically known as mongrels.

We were tempted to eliminate class 1 altogether, as it is impossible to devise a test that will adequately compare the capabilities of a retriever and an otterhound, but eventually included some of this class in our tests because we find that many people like to keep a gun-dog as a pet, for reasons connected with "status." Otherwise we tested a typical range of about twenty* branded dogs mostly in the small-to-medium range, and added one mongrel.

Standards

There is, mysteriously, no British Standard for dogs; instead there are Kennel Club Standards for each particular breed. These should be treated with the suspicion proper to all standards issued by associations of manufacturers, and are really only of use to those consumers who have already made up their minds and wish to check up that what they are buying is in fact, say, an Airedale.

Tests

The questions we asked ourselves were: What does it cost to buy? to maintain? Is it safe? Is it intelligent? How soon will it wear out? wear its owner out? Is it lovable? Is it any use?

Costs

With the exception of the mongrel all models tested cost between £15 and £30. The mongrel picked up our assistant editor while she was carrying out a road test on children's scooters (*Which?* May 1959) and would not leave her. He has been valued by an expert at 4s. 6d.

Large dogs eat more, but not in proportion to their size. On the basis of our Pet Food test (*Which?* November 1960), a small dog costs 10s. a week to feed and a large dog £1. Add to this the cost of vet's fees, dog-tickets, litigation, neighbour's ornamental ducks, painting of scratched doors, tips to park-keepers, etc., and the total cost of keeping a small dog, other than a mongrel, averages out at £65 a year. The owner of a mongrel enjoys a lower "anxiety factor," and tends to spend less on his pet; he seldom, for instance, takes it to a canine beautician; upkeep of the mongrel for 1960 cost £38 6s. 7d.

Safety

In the absence of a British Standard for dogs, we modified that for electric blankets (*Which?* October 1960) and gradually applied a pull up to 35 lb. at the point where the tail enters the dog. All models except the mongrel proved to be thoroughly unsafe, though we gained valuable data for our forthcoming report on dog-bite remedies. The mongrel did not have a tail.

Intelligence

It is tiresome for the owner if a dog is really intelligent; he never knows where he is*. But it is just as tiresome if the dog is profoundly stupid and, for instance, lolls without moving by the hot-water boiler while it is being filled, even though this means that every scuttleful of fuel catches it on the ear. We therefore applied maximum and minimum intelligence tests. The maximum consisted of the standard 11-plus examination which all dogs failed with flying colours, and the minimum of two simple tests: we dressed the dogs up in fancy clothes, as for a press photograph; and we put four eggs in their baskets. All dogs except the mongrel bore both tests as another manifestation of a confusing environment. The mongrel ate the eggs, was sick on the clothes, and went off to look for a new owner. We considered it the only dog to display minimum intelligence.



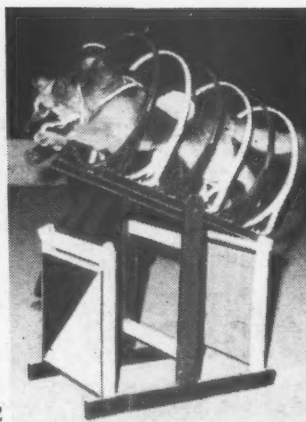
DOG FLEA
(CTENOCEPHALUS
CANIS) RATHER
LARGER THAN LIFE
SIZE.

* We were unable to devise a method of counting them all at any one moment.

* There is no harm in a dog looking intelligent—indeed some of the Kennel Club Standards require it.



1



2



3

1 THE START OF AN OWNER TOLERANCE TEST. LATER STAGES OF THE TEST WERE TOO CONFUSED TO PHOTOGRAPH.

2 APPARATUS FOR TESTING MAXIMUM SUDDEN PULL OF DOG ON LEAD.

3 THE MAXIMUM INTELLIGENCE TEST. NOTE THAT THE DOG IS MORE INTERESTED IN THE CAMERA.

4 ADDITIONAL ITEMS IN THE UPKEEP OF AN EXPENSIVE BRAND OF DOG.

5 & 6 TWO SPECIALISED BRANDS (BORZOI AND DACHSHUND) UNDERGOING THE MINIMUM INTELLIGENCE TESTS. NOTE THAT THOUGH THEY ARE DISCONTENTED WITH THEIR ENVIRONMENT, THEY ARE NOT DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



4



5



6

Durability

We have not completed these tests yet, but all models are expected to last about ten years, and all owners rather less.

Lovableness

This is difficult to assess objectively, but we collected a panel of eighteen volunteers (6 sentimental, 6 normal and 6 hard-boiled) and confronted them with all the dogs in turn, while we measured their pulse, respiration, temperature, blink-rate, etc. The dogs which caused the highest lovability symptoms among the sentimental were, unfortunately, just those which caused the most hate-symptoms among the hard-boiled. So we were forced to rely on our six normal volunteers, who assessed the lovability of all models shown, except the mongrel,

as "fair." The mongrel appeared with a dead starling, which it put in a bowler hat belonging to one of our test officers, and was classed "excellent."

Usefulness

Most dogs can be taught certain "useful" tasks, such as fetching newspapers, frightening burglars, etc. All the models tested could perform these tasks, except the mongrel. However, they performed them completely at random, sometimes licking the "burglar's" hand, sometimes biting his calf. The newspaper, if brought, was seldom legible. The mongrel did nothing and so was completely reliable.

VALUE FOR MONEY

► BEST BUY MONGREL 4s. 6d.

Mediatrics

Or the care of the Middle-aged

By H. F. ELLIS

7. The Avoidance of Pinpricks

THE wise man of mature years knows that self-help is the foundation of a comfortable, relaxed middle age.

It is no good his constantly running off to see his mediatrician with complaints that things are getting him down, that this or that is too much for him. Just as in matters of physical health he must learn by experience that tennis is now too strenuous for him, that he cannot sleep after lobster, or that driving without a scarf gives him fibrositis, so he must learn to guard his mental well-being by the avoidance of whatever is inimical to it. Youth, with its impenetrable armour of egotism, is the time to court opposition, to seek out trouble, to run the head against brick walls. Middle-age is too sensitive, too delicately poised between contentment and depression, to take such risks. As the hermit crab crawls successively into ever larger and stronger whelk shells, so as the years go by man must develop and perfect his protective devices against whatever is likely to hurt him.

Friends and books have been widely lauded as the comfort and stay of advancing years. I do not wish in a paper intended for the general reader to attack this traditional belief, but only to add the *caveat* that both must be very carefully selected. There must be a readiness to put them down at the first hint of incompatibility.

It has to be realized that a great many books are written by younger men, and this proportion inevitably increases with the reader's age. Here is an obvious danger, for it is not to be supposed that young writers will be free from the egocentricity, ignorance and thoughtlessness that we have already noted in youth in general. On the contrary, experience shows that it is the possession of these characteristics to a superlative degree that leads them to write. In novels generally and in many sociological works there is the familiar emphasis on the importance of youth, the same careless assumption that the middle-aged are half-dead. It may seem a small thing that

some callow young novelist should write "He went up the stairs two at a time, for all his forty years," but the effect on a reader of forty-five or fifty may be no laughing matter. I remember in the case of a patient of mine suffering from extreme melancholia that it was weeks before I discovered, almost by accident, that the root cause of the trouble was the phrase "tired of her ageing lover" applied, in some second-rate historical novel, to a man six years my patient's junior. It is impossible to estimate, for statistics are lacking, how much emotional imbalance is caused by immature and unimaginative writing of this kind; but my good friend Dr. Abel Crawley has noted an "unprecedented influx" of cases into his clinic shortly after the publication of an over-praised and widely read book by a twenty-three-year-old woman which began

"At the age of thirty-six, with an income of not much over £3,000 a year and little prospect of promotion for another four years at least, Dick Weston had to admit himself a failure."

Since neither legislation nor any representations by mediatricians and others who care deeply for the welfare of the middle-aged can hope to put a stop to this kind of wanton attack, it is up to the middle-aged to protect themselves against it by the utmost care in the selection of their reading matter. Eventually it may be possible to aid them in some degree; the M.A. Guidance Council, for example, is at work on a Recommended List, and there has been a proposal to provide expurgated editions of the more worthwhile classics with the offensive passages cut out or toned down.* But in the meantime one can do no more than suggest a few very general rules. Novels by the under-thirties are best avoided altogether. Biographies should be preferred to autobiographies, since although the subject of a biography may have done disturbingly well he will almost certainly be dead by the end—a sure prophylactic against envy. Books about politics and politicians usually give intermittent satisfaction because of the custom in this field of applying the phrase "a comparatively young man" to men of any age up to sixty. Cricket

* Every indication, to take an example at random, that doddering old Miss Matty was only in her fifties would be rigorously deleted from *Cranford*.



reminiscences, other than those written by players who have just been dropped from representative games, can be relied on to agree with the reader's own assessment of Hammond and Woolley as incomparably greater than any modern batsman. History of all kinds is normally harmless, unless there is any risk (as pointed out in my last paper) that the reader will be tempted to "take it up" and really try to get the distinction between Henry III and Henry IV clear in his mind.*

Turning to old friends, it is useless to blink the fact that a number of them do too well. Nature in her wonderful way has provided us all with remarkable powers of resistance against the consciousness of failure, particularly in middle life when there is still time to do something about it. Whenever uneasiness is felt on this score, when in the watches of the night some sudden realization comes of what it is that we have actually done, what it is that we *are*, compared with what we hoped to do and be, of the swift flight of the years and the few that remain in which that full emergence, that public acceptance of our real worth can come about, the defensive mechanisms spring automatically into action. The vanity of riches, the charms of a quiet life, the unhealthy racketing about that success would have meant for our gentle wife, so ill-fitted to play hostess to the good and great, the lack in ourselves of that detestable pushfulness, not to say dishonesty, that is the invariable characteristic of those who get to the top—these are emollient arguments with which nature restores our psychological balance and sends us more or less happily off to sleep. But we must beware of putting too great a strain on these largely innate protective devices.

With the best will in the world old friends who have acquired money or position, or both, cannot help delivering a series of pinpricks to their less successful friends. Their new carpets are a running sore. Their casual references to Madeira and Baghdad ("Wasn't it in New Orleans we had that wonderful fried butterfly shrimp, Molly?" "There was a man on the plane from Bermuda . . .") bite like adders. If they studiously refrain from mentioning their expensive holidays the omission is noticeable and has a patronizing air. Inquiries about our own annual holiday in Cornwall or Brittany and the subsequent "How lovely!" are insufferable. This after all—this man who a moment ago referred to Lord Boothby as "Bob"—was less than the dust at school, a numbskull who played Fives. What has gone wrong, in God's name, that he should have an original Degas on his walls and not even bother to draw attention to it? Against assaults of this kind on his complacency† the defence mechanisms of the average middle-aged man cannot long compete. Nothing, not even the most bitter comments to his wife on the way home about expense accounts and the luck of the draw, can redress the balance.

There is a great deal of silly talk, particularly among authorities on "status," about the pressures on those who get

* I do not of course mean that the middle-aged reader should be on his guard automatically if he finds that the achievements and personalities of these two kings *are* clear in his mind immediately after reading about them. It is natural and right that he should at that time feel that he has got them pinned down at last. The danger signal is a feeling of vexation and stress because the distinction has been lost again by the time he has reached Henry VI.

† The word is used in no derogatory sense. Complacency is the ideal to be aimed at by well-adjusted middle-aged men.



on in the world to drop their less successful friends. The boot is on the other foot. It is *essential* in maturity to regard more prosperous old friends as a luxury, like lobster, that must now be given up in the interests of health, and to seek instead the rehabilitating company of those who have done even worse.

There are of course innumerable other potential sources of annoyance, besides friends and books, but I shall not attempt to list them here. The wise man will learn to recognize at a distance his personal serenity-disturbers and take timely avoiding action, always remembering that he himself is his only safeguard. No one else will protect him. It is one of the great drawbacks of middle age that a man at that time of life is popularly supposed *even by his contemporaries* to be adult, capable of looking after himself, not easily reduced to hysteria or tears. In old age, which has many compensations, the position is altered. Others in half-heard whispers turn aside the pinpricks. "She doesn't like to hear about Michael Foot . . ." "Turn it off, dear. It worries your grandfather . . ." "Well, if old Mr. Charters is coming we'd better not ask Harry . . ." Here is something to which we may with reasonable confidence look forward. In the meantime, in the prime and pride of life, there are no third-party buffers to cushion the shrinking and sensitive ego of so-called "maturity." We must simply run for it.

In my next paper I shall be saying a few words about the preparation, in L.M. II (Transitional B), for a graceful entry into the smoother waters of the sixties.

Getting the Message Across

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

THERE are, I see, rare old goings on in Belize, British Honduras. I think some of us are apt to forget about such parts of the world these days; the only countries we pay attention to are those appealing for independence, hatching revolution, or having riots. From one point of view I think these riots are a pity, because they run against my notions of the democratic process, but on the other hand I can't help feeling that these countries are really projecting an image.

It seems, however, that the light of revolution is burning in British Honduras, in a small but fascinating way. The police there recently took away a Mr. Rudolph Gallego, and fined him ninety dollars for having uncensored goods in his possession. The uncensored goods were books of matches bearing slogans on the cover. One said, simply, "Down with the British," and the other, which struck me as a more successful piece of copywriting altogether, said "Strike a light for freedom, away with colonialism."

Personally I'm very pleased to see that the techniques of advertising are really being brought to bear in the service of revolution. I feel that Mr. Gallego has obviously gone into the matter very carefully before committing himself to this form of advertising, and that market research has proved to him conclusively that match books are the best way of reaching an audience interested in his product—revolution—without wastage. His market research consultants doubtless took a sample and did a questionnaire and came up with the conclusion that, while escalator panels on the London Tube might have got him wider coverage, many of his audience would be likely to glance only cursorily at the message and pass on, untouched.

Moreover, Mr. Gallego appears to have had only a small advertising budget to work with. He could probably have spent it on hiring a plane with a banner, but with his limited funds it would probably have had to be a one-shot, with no follow up, and his product

would not have lasted long against competitors with more money to spend in wooing the public. Moreover, Mr. Gallego's audience was clearly a specialized one, and he would once again be spending money in a way that would give him no guarantee of finding, directly, his specialized consumers.

At this point, then, the market research chaps must have asked themselves just who is most interested in Mr. Gallego's commodity. They doubtless found from their questionnaires that only certain kinds of people, in certain income groups and of certain age and class levels, were likely to respond to "Strike a light for freedom . . ." and so on. Not that that slogan would have been coined yet. They came up with no doubt with several alternative schemes; a full page in a student paper, or better four quarter-pages spaced at calculated intervals of time, for follow-up; calendars, to be sent out to a well-analysed mailing list; pencils, with messages down the side.

I can see Mr. Gallego when they



"In to-night's Press Conference a panel of working journalists discusses recent mergers, amalgamations and take-over bids with the incredibly successful newspaper proprietor, Mr. Thomas Royston."

came to him with these suggestions. "Don't give me that," he is saying, swirling round on the revolving chair behind his tasteful but inexpensive Swedish desk, "Pencils! Nobody writes in British Honduras! Only corny shopkeepers and the British, always jotting down notes in their diaries! And they're the people we're trying to get rid of. Calendars and a mailing list, you're preaching to the converted; likewise with ads. in student newspapers. No, we want to tap a new audience yet one potentially interested in our product. Go away and think again!"

And then somebody does another survey and comes up with it. The incidence of revolutionary potential and cigarette smoking is more than random! More revolutionaries than non-revolutionaries smoke, so therefore smokers are likely to dig the message. Gallego is excited: "This is what I employ you boys for!" he says. And in a couple of days the order is put out to the novelty match company and Mr. Gallego is in business. Unfortunately he makes one mistake; the novelty match companies inside British Honduras are taken up with Christmas orders, and so he brings the matches in from outside, smuggling them in the false heels of his shoes to avoid duty; because after all, he's working on a slim budget anyway. Then, one day, disaster strikes; how, we are not told. Perhaps coming through the customs one of his shoes catches fire from frictional combustion. Perhaps the internal match companies denounce him. Perhaps the market research people themselves find their bill unpaid and start proceedings.

Whatever the reason, I think we here in England have a lot to learn from Mr. Gallego. After all, revolution is in the air; whenever someone abroad says "Down with the British," a bunch of English students retaliate and say "Down with the British." But are we, over here, going about it in the right way? I say we're not. We go about marching on missile bases and the Potato Marketing Board, carrying banners. But these organizations are already committed to the opposing product. We need to rethink our whole campaign, and if anyone wants the address of a good firm of novelty match-book producers, I'm thinking of going into the business. I see which way the wind of change is blowing.



A Matter of Principle

By ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

"IT'S not a question of interference," writes my friend in Leningrad, "so much as one of non-cooperation." This friend of mine has been writing to me for weeks about the cold war now being waged between Moscow and Leningrad. Matters came to a head recently in the Affair of the Pipes.

One day in September, the Leningrad City Engineer's office was besieged by angry housewives and other influential comrades, who complained that the whole housing district bordering the river embankment was without water. The taps gurgled, just as they do in capitalist countries, but nothing came out of them. What was the City Engineer going to do about it?

The City Engineer, a family man, realized the gravity of the situation and sent hordes of workmen off to swarm the embankment, with instructions to dig for the fracture in the water main. A broken pipe seemed to be the only possible explanation. Assuring the housewives that it would soon be repaired, the City Engineer waited for his foremen to report.

When the foremen did report it was to confess shamefacedly that they had

been unable to find any trace of a water main. One of the foremen agreed that there must have been a water main there somewhere, otherwise no water could have reached the district in the past; but there was no pipe there now. Not even a fractured pipe, or the remains of a pipe which had spontaneously disintegrated.

For two weeks, harassed by housewives and bullied by an ever-increasing number of Party hacks, the City Engineer supervised the excavation of the river bank. His men found nothing. Eventually, having located the point at which the feed pipe entered the district, then the point at which the waste pipe left it, he concluded that some person or persons unknown had stolen about half a mile of earthenware pipe, weighing several tons. He reported this to the police.

The City Engineer, hounded by husbands and District Party Secretaries and doubted by the police, had no time to speculate about the possible fate of the stolen pipe. He ordered a new pipe to be laid immediately. While this was being done, he sat down and composed a letter to the Association of Municipal Engineers in Moscow, reporting the

extraordinary affair and asking if any cases had been notified to the Association by his colleagues in places like Omsk. He did not really expect a reply.

When the reply came, he was astonished to read in the Secretary's letter that Moscow knew all about his water main. In fact the Secretary confessed that the Association's Experimental Division had removed the half mile of earthenware pipe itself. They had gone to Leningrad especially for this purpose. They had dumped the

pipe in the river. What the Secretary could not understand was what had happened to the plastic water main they had laid in its place. All progressive municipalities, he wrote, would soon have plastic water mains, and Leningrad had had the honour of being the guinea-pig, or the water vole, so to speak.

The City Engineer wrote back a brisk letter deploring this high-handedness and suggesting that the Experimental Division be sent right back to Leningrad to find out what had become of the plastic pipe. Perhaps, he hinted, they had sold it on the black market.

In due course, in the middle of November, the Experimental Division arrived and put itself up at the Europa. After a good rest, and accompanied by a fuming City Engineer, they made for the river embankment. They started to dig, confidently, looking at maps. Their theory was that somehow the plastic pipe had become detached from the inflow and the outflow. The City Engineer told that he had already excavated thousands of cubic metres around, but he was waved away.

A week later, the Experimental Division, shamefaced, like their predecessors, stood on the carpet in the City Engineer's office and confessed that the plastic pipe was no longer there. What was more, the Experimental Division knew where it had gone. From tests they had made they had deduced that the whole half mile had been eaten by rats. Due to some unfortunate error in the laboratory, the plastic material had been made appetizing for Leningrad rats.

Assuring the City Engineer that they would return in the near future with an indigestible pipe, and would let him know when they did, the Experimental Division booked seats on Hitler's train and rode home.

"Is this," asks my friend in Leningrad, "the sort of thing you expect to happen in a great progressive country?"

☆

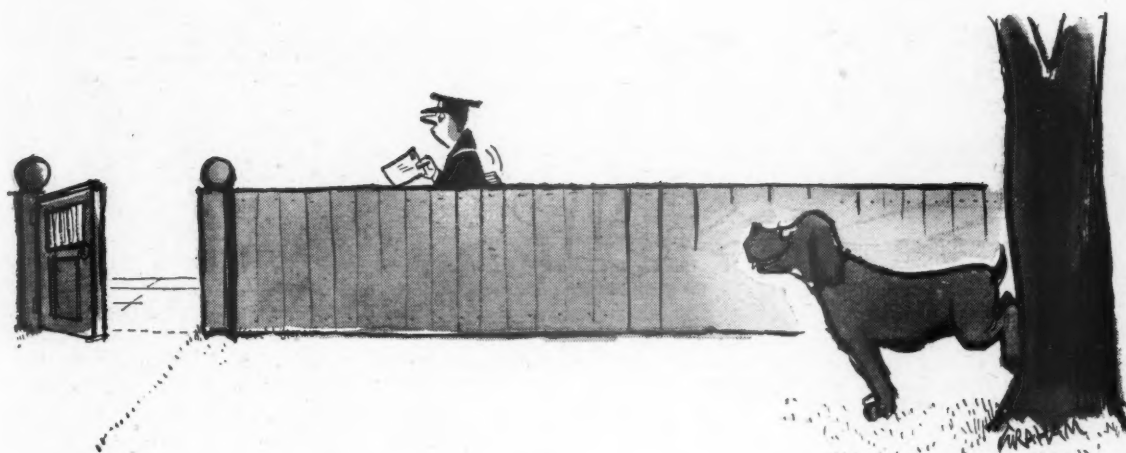
"It was stated that Arscott collided with the rear of a Morris Minor car and forced it forward into a Ford Anglia car.

Mr. Kellock, defending, stated that Arscott was a partner in one of the largest firms of solicitors in the country. He stood about 6 ft. 6 in. and weighed about 16 stone."

Mid-Sussex Times

About average for the firm?





Look, I'm a Concussion!

By R. G. G. PRICE

HOW ignorant even the most alert of us is, how blind to what is actually going on, how blinkered! These regretful platitudes are wrung from me by the discovery that *Casualty Simulation* had reached Vol. V, No. 9 before I had even heard of it. I simply had no idea that there was a Casualties Union whose Study Circles had numbers as high as 403, all with probationers and promotions and a Football Draw and a Day, which last time took place at Sandown Racecourse. I had heard of organizations that trained First Aiders but not of one that trains the people on whom they practise. In my time casualties were just First Aiders who were not very hot at First Aid.

How much a thing of the past is the willing helper who, when told to be a fractured tibia, simply lay down with a sheepish grin. Once I had to be a casualty in a Civil Defence exercise and was given a card saying my eye and the left side of my face had been shot away. I was Walking Wounded. I threw myself into my part and when I was asked for my Religion I groaned and twisted myself about to simulate agony. The First Aider in charge of records was furious with me and accused me of sabotage. Nobody else tried realism at all.

These days things seem to be very different. The magazine before me

includes an interview with a star casualty. She likes to leave the make-up room for ten minutes to be on her own and think herself into the part. There are fourteen items of her repertoire listed though only six photographs and I am not always quite sure whether the star is portraying "Fun," "Air Hunger" or "Loss of Nerve." She does not limit herself to miming: "Words are essential for indicating the symptoms."

There is an article in a series called *How To Do It* called "Arm Amputation." This is intended to simulate the effects of a circular saw but could be adapted for a rail or road accident. The list of properties needed is daunting. (We never had any properties, not even an empty poison bottle.) They include a blood pump, tubing and two cuts, half an inch thick, from the foreleg of pork showing the section of bone. After a couple of columns of gruesome stage directions this helpful piece ends "The acting is for heavy haemorrhage." Another article describes a session for mental casualties where it was necessary for those present to know whether they were a hypomaniac, a psychoneurotic or a paranoiac with appendicitis.

One way in which *Casualty Simulation* is raising standards is by having casualties who are actually on the side of the judges rather than giving helpful nods to the trainee. There are reports of sessions that include such phrases as

"Both casualties remarked there was too much noise among the teams." Another casualty says frankly in print that while pretending at Hull to be a porter with a fractured patella he was trodden on several times. A casualty called Marcia complained that the teams paid too much attention to her sister, while at Knutsford a casualty who had spent ages faking a Potts fracture was never looked at at all. One casualty ended an evening severely bruised.

Where other papers have reports of Amateur Dramatic Societies, *Casualty Simulation* covers events like Civil Defence exercises. At one the firemen appeared to be rough and callous. At another the rescue teams paid little attention to careful handling, follow-through treatment, comfort, reassurance and care of injuries. At a Red Cross competition artificial respiration was given to a carbon monoxide poisoning case in a garage with the car still running. In Warrington a V.A.D. lost the thermometer. One casualty heard a team remark "We can't do anything for her." In Northumberland, "It was a simple set-up on a decorative theme": two men had fallen off a step-ladder. One, whose shoulder was dislocated, had it manipulated into the best position for his rescuers to apply a triangular bandage. At Altrincham a casualty with concussion and a broken leg after a bicycle accident was deeply



Man in Office

by *LARRY*

hurt to hear the remark, "You are a foreigner and when you ride a bicycle you should not be drunk." At Newcastle-on-Tyne a broken patella complained that the nurses as they whisked around should wear more adequate under-clothing. At Lewes, a fractured base of skull complains, his head was dropped on the floor.

However, all is not black and indeed the general tone of the reports is optimistic and encouraging, even if the Cape Town branch has been disbanded. But however good First Aid work is it must be improved and it is the instructed casualty who is obviously in a far better position than the examiner dodging round the edge to see that it is. But is a higher standard of victimship all that is required? First Aiders are going to meet many difficulties apart from the complicatedly injured. What about the simulation of deaf doctors who arrive halfway through the treatment of a broken varicose vein? What about intrusive relative simulation? What about the importunate driver who wants the casualty to admit it was his fault?

Meanwhile, all honour to this curious branch of dramatics. If you fancy yourself as a corrosive poisoning or a fractured sternum, a card to 316, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 or a call to Tate Gallery 8698 will put you in touch.

☆

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
Trusses, Belts, Elastic Hosiery.—B—,
Ramsden Street, Barrow."—*Ulverston News*
Twang!



The False Capricorn

CAPRICIOUS Capricorn (related, so the ancients say, to Pan)
Was tethered in the Zodiacal sphere before the world began,
But, being an uncertain-tempered, restless beast,
This goat has since migrated retrogressively towards the East.

Hence Sagittarius now stands where Capricornus once was wont,
A fact of which astrologers should take due cognisance, but don't.
Conservative and custom-loving men, they are reduced to
The obstinate pretence that Capricorn still hangs out where he used to.

The retrogression of the Zodiac, which they ignore,
Will be complete in five and twenty thousand years (or slightly more);
Then capering Capricorn will graze again that rich celestial measure
Where first Hipparchus tethered him, to his acute displeasure.

Meanwhile, the signs that govern us and rule our courses
Have all been switched about, the way they sometimes are with horses.
It's no use Capricornians chasing after money, like barbarians;
They ought to spurn it with a careless laugh. They're Sagittarians.

— R. P. LISTER

Essence of Parliament

MR. MARPLES has recently had 'flu and has returned from it as a giant refreshed and what is more prepared to go on refreshing himself in his own inimitable style. There are many cross-bench cynics who argue that our railways are in a mess, but that, while the politicians take it out by putting the blame on one another, none of them has any very clear idea what to do about it. But it is a novelty for a Minister to speak with hardly a pretence of concealment of the planlessness of his predecessor. Yet that is what Mr. Marples has risen from his bed to do. When he came into office, he complained, "I had before me no long term programme, no priority list, no knowledge of the extent of individual projects, no statement of the accumulated effect of commitments." He "doubted the accuracy of the forecasts and the estimates on which it was proceeding." This was such a novelty for the House of Commons that it was no wonder that there was uproar, and one could hardly be surprised at Mr. Callaghan shouting out "What a censure on the then Minister," or at Mr. Strauss for saying "You have made a very strong attack on your predecessor." Mr. Marples seemed in no mood to resent it, for he sat there calmly sipping some amber-coloured liquid, while Mr. Geoffrey Wilson, propping himself up against the bar—the bar, of course, of the House—read out one by one the contents of what looked like a lot of little visiting cards on which were inscribed a number of rather sensible suggestions for making things better. Things had been bad under Mr. Watkinson. Were they any better now? Mr. Poppewell from the Opposition Front Bench thought emphatically not. "This damned offensive White Paper," he called it, tearing it up with some difficulty and scattering it like confetti over the Treasury Bench opposite. At that very moment, by a curious coincidence, in the Lords the unflagging Lord Conesford was defeating the Government with an amendment to place upon it the statutory duty of collecting litter. Altogether a very curious day.

Tuesday was even more curious. Mr. Macmillan simply hated what was being done to Odham's Press. So did the Socialists. So did the Liberals. Mr. Macmillan would simply love to do something about it but he could not think what. Had anybody, he almost pathetically asked, any suggestions? Receiving none across the floor of the House, when questions were over he crossed the floor and seated himself on the Opposition Front Bench. His object was not to talk to any Socialist but to talk to Mr. Grimond, who with becoming modesty refrained from seating himself by the Prime Minister's side, but instead crawled up on all fours from the Liberal bench and lay down beside the Prime Minister in the gangway. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and these antics created such a hubbub that no one could hear a word that Mr. Hobson, who was trying to

introduce a bill about criminal justice, was saying. The House therefore thought it only decent to let him have his bill. Nor did many Members who had come to scoff remain to fish, and it was an attenuated and inattentive House which heard Mr. Mark Hewitson, Labour Member for Hull, later in the afternoon demand gunboat protection for our trawlers when they sailed to Iceland.

On Wednesday Members had been summoned to establish a car park in Hyde Park, but rumours were around that there was more dramatic business afoot. At the end of questions Mr. Enoch Powell arose, tense and white—but then Mr. Powell always is tense and white. Socialist Members groaned before he had had time to say anything—but then Socialist Members always do groan. Amid further groans Mr. Powell said his piece. (Why by the way must even a translator of Herodotus call teeth dentures?) Mr. Gaitskell

Gnashing of Teeth

who put on the teeth charges and Mr. Harold Wilson who resigned when he put them on, sat side by side, gnashing their teeth or grinding their dentures as the case may be. Mr. Nabarro approved of the new charges—approved of them so much that Mr. Powell in gratitude called him "my right honourable friend." Everyone laughed except Mr. Powell—but then Mr. Powell never laughs. Mr. Wilson said that if we were to pay more for our orange juice and less for our super-tax all hell would be let loose. The Socialists who were present cheered, but Mr. Nabarro's stentorian voice asked "Where is Woodrow Wyatt?" Elsewhere on the Conservative benches on the whole the longer the heads the longer the faces. For longer heads reflected that if the changes made it more difficult to reduce super-tax, they also made it more difficult to give private patients their free drugs. Mr. Turton recalled that Sir Stafford Cripps put a ceiling of £400 million on the Health Service and that it was now running at over £800 million, and Mr. Gaitskell announced that the Opposition would put down a vote of censure. No one was quite clear what the Government should have done about health any more than it was what the Government should have done about transport, but as one cynical and veteran Member remarked it is easier to vote than to think.



MR. HAROLD WILSON

Mr. Marples is really getting curiouser and curiouser. After all, this putting the park into Hyde Park was perhaps not very thrilling business. Still it was the business; but Mr. Marples in his second reading speech preferred

to describe how Mr. Silverman in a large car, unable through the shortness of his stature to see over the steering wheel, nearly knocked Mr. Marples off his bicycle. Speakers will be Speakers, but it was hard to see how all this was in order.

On Thursday we were back again on the demand for an inquiry into the press-merger, but the questions were half-hearted for the facts are known and the law is known. All that is not known is what to do about it. A defeated House trooped out, leaving behind to discuss our lack of conventional forces a House so attenuated that Mr. Shinwell complained that it was almost non-existent and Mr. Emrys Hughes all but succeeded in counting it out. The Lords had a better turn-out to beat the Government on the Duke of Atholl's amendment to make an honest drink of vodka in the pubs. A barrage of "Contents" from all over the House drowned the "Non-Contents" of the Treasury Bench, and their lordships, unlike Queen Victoria, were all vastly amused. Everyone found it very good fun indeed.

— PERCY SOMERSET



Freedom to Shop Around

THE revolution in retail trade goes roaring on, aided by a steadily increasing flow of purchasing power in the pockets of the people. For the British economy as a whole 1960 may have been a disappointing year; but not for the retail stores catering in the main for the cash customer.

There was a considerable slowing down in expenditure on what in economic jargon is classified as "consumer durables," meaning washing machines, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners and the like. This was due almost wholly to last year's tightening of H.P. restrictions. But the slackening in this type of trade is only a minor interruption of an underlying expansion. The pause of 1960 may well lead to a vigorous rebound in 1961, as may be gauged from the speed with which sales of cars on the domestic market are already reacting to the lengthening from two to three years in the period of H.P. repayments.

What the retail trade has lost on the durable swings it has made good on the more immediately consumable roundabouts. The expenditure on food, clothing and services of all kinds has been expanding without interruption. Equally uninterrupted has been the shift away from individual retailers and co-ops. to the multiple shops and, in particular, to those enterprises with the capital and the vision to convert their shops into modern self-service stores.

The financial results of such companies as Marks and Spencer, Boots' Pure Drug, Woolworth, House of Fraser and United Drapery Stores—all of them admirably managed concerns—are likely to rank well above the average for British companies during the coming year.

The shift of trade to such institutions and in particular to the self-service stores, is likely to be helped by the steady erosion of resale price maintenance, the system under which individual manufacturers are now entitled to

fix the prices at which their goods are retailed and to take to court any retailers who sell below these fixed prices. The undermining of this system is visible in the January sales and in the offer at stupefyingly cut prices of many goods, particularly "consumer durables," which are normally price-maintained.

A resounding blast against what remains of resale price maintenance has just come from the formidable combination, a housewife-economist, Mrs. Fulop, in a pamphlet published by the Institution of Economic Affairs (*Revolution in Retailing*, price 3s. 6d.). Mrs. Fulop contends that price fixing should be made illegal, that this would restore freedom to the retailer to choose the combination of service advertising and pricing which best suits his location and type of trade. The result, she

argues, would be a fall of retail prices by at least 5 per cent.

Her revolution in retailing would also abolish the Shops Act. This, she says, would not mean increased hours of work for shop employees, but a change in the pattern of opening and closing. In a prosperous and high employment economy competition will ensure that adequate wages and conditions are offered by retail trade.

Mrs. Fulop has words of modest reassurance for the small shopkeeper. She tells him that he is "not necessarily doomed" but that his chances of survival would be considerably improved if he joined a voluntary chain or buying combine in co-operation with independent wholesalers. Maybe; but for investing one's money the odds are still on the octopuses of the retailing world.

— LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



Lords of the Flies

SPIDERS come, I find in three sizes, minute, utility and X certificate. With all of them one is involved at some time or other, in home or garden.

There are the hosts of happy wanderers that drop in on us out of a clear sky, invading our persons from gauzy parachutes and descending with speed to unimaginable fates. One is caught muttering *Matin chagrin, soir espoir*, so powerful are childhood runes. With the first heats of summer comes an explosion of coral mites, commonly called red spiders, and by small ignoramuses blood suckers. The only blood they suck is vegetable. These microscopic beads get flattened in books as one warms the stomach on hot stone walls, and leave on our light clothes marks that remind one of the first hemming lesson.

In the second size comes the vast range of spinners, hunters and troglodytes, taking up abode inside as well as on the fringes of human habitation. There is the black hunter, a Maquisard who plays a darting game in the grass, leaps prodigiously and is doubtless responsible for the evolution of the

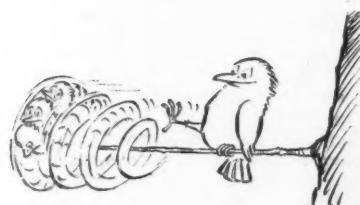
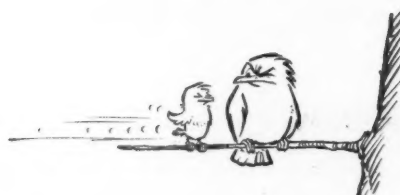
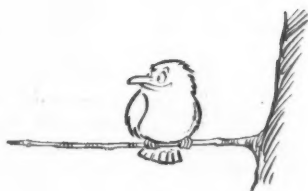
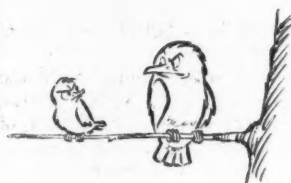
wing on the fly. The hermit spider in the crack of the rocks is more lethargic, a fiddler about with strands of dirty web—he is an amateur at the spinning game. A pull on his tripline and he shoots out, ravenous, unshaven, sloppy.

In this middle class are the pearls of the race; jewels of olivine and agate, jade, amber and cornelian. These are the trapeze elite, makers of nets so beautiful that on dewy mornings one makes détours to avoid destroying them. These creatures have bodies shaped like cloves of garlic, like French capers, like nasturtium seed. They can be jetty or bi-coloured or speckled like pheasants. All have delicate harpist fingers and if proffered a fly make haste to wind it into a mummy. These are the admirable housewives, tidy to a fault, finicky menders, haters of loose ends, lovers of symmetry.

Every one of our ceiling angles has at this moment an expectant mother prospecting for a nursery. The yellow silk purse defies the nozzle of the vacuum cleaner, and only a hairpin and courage over and above the call of duty will dislodge it.

In the last or horrific class we have the woolly giants in chaps that guard the bathtub outlet. Gooseflesh-raisers are these indeed, met at twilight in the outside privy of a friend's country cottage. There is none of the Snake Man's sangfroid in me—one palp and I take off like a jet. It is at moments like these that one gives humble thanks that we are spared their shaggy tropical cousins scuttling like animated dahlia heads across our television screen.

— STELLA CORSO



Sense and Sensibility

NOBODY, said Colonel Haig, with a sigh,
likes to see people starve,
not even if they're Fuzzies. And he began to carve
the pâté. (Please do not cry.)

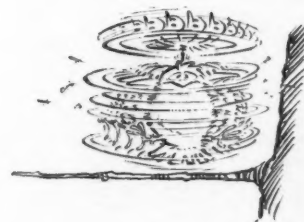
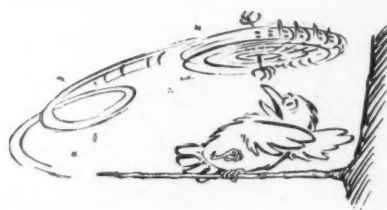
I must admit, said Mrs. Foxton-Deep,
as she chewed her pheasant,
the thought of starvation is unpleasant
anywhere. (But do not weep.)

Lamentable! Lamentable! groaned Canon Reeve,
over his Soufflé Surprise,
my heart bleeds for the suffering Congolese,
poor souls. (You must not grieve.)

Have a marron glacé, said Lord Fitzross,
and some grapes with your port?
Can't bear to think of those damned blacks so short.
Bad show, eh? (Now do not be cross.)

These are good kind people and they see, as should you,
it would do NO GOOD at all for them to starve too.

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM



HARGREAVES.



AT THE PLAY

Tokyo 1961 (LONDON COLISEUM)

WHEN the Americans dropped the bomb on Hiroshima no one foresaw as a bizarre consequence that Japanese entertainers would in future model themselves on Broadway, and wrap themselves round microphones singing mushy erotic songs to Western jazz.

Tokyo 1961, heralded as a Japanese musical, seemed full of promise. We expected traditional songs and dances and marvellous acrobats and strange off-beat music. What we have got instead is a very competent, rather mild, imitation of the American pattern. True, we are spared the flimsy story of boy meets girl; *Tokyo 1961*, with its separate scenes, is nearer a plushy commercial

revue. But nine-tenths of it is American practice, with only window-dressing from the East.

The few traditional numbers are delightful. One is a harvest festival, with drums beating round a platform, that takes one straight to a Japanese village; another is a lovely fishermen's dance against a huge Hokusai curtain. These are the real thing of which the whole programme might have been composed; far too much of it is taken up with Western ballets showing Japanese beatnik gangs roaming a concrete city in jeans. The corruption of the cherry-blossom by the jazz age seems complete and I find it very sad. There is even a small army of pseudo-Tiller girls, very gay and pretty, but utterly un-Japanese.

I think the saddest part of this hybrid entertainment is that it includes two fine

REP SELECTION

Theatre Royal, Windsor, *The Com-
plaisant Lover*, until February
18.

Playhouse, Oxford, *Queen After
Death*, until February 18.

Little, Bristol, *An Ideal Husband*,
until February 18.

Playhouse, Derby, *Twelfth Night*,
until February 11.

singers, Mitsuko Sawamura and Yoshiaki Takei, whose voices unamplified could reach St. Martin's Lane, and who have to sing rubbishy Western songs at a microphone with all the fatuous gestures of the pop-singer. When occasionally they are allowed to do straight Japanese stuff their quality is evident.

In the most original turn two fool-hardy young men are adrift in a fast car against a cinema screen of which the road and scenery flash by. This is hair-raising and very ingeniously managed. Time and again we seem to miss destruction by a millimetre (for of course from the word go the car is ours) as we miss approaching lorries on the wrong side and scream round S-bends on the edge of precipices. The sound-effects are devilish. There is also a polished but unspectacular family of jugglers and a nice pair of tap-dancers, who are the nearest we get to humour. No clowns. The whole evening would be totally solemn but for the impishness of the chorus girls.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Importance of Being Oscar (Royal Court—1/2/61), Micheal Mac Liammoir in a rare Wilde evening. *The Bargain* (St. Martin's—25/1/61), Alastair Sim in a good comedy thriller. *Masterpiece* (Royalty—1/2/61), the story of Van Meegeren.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Mark

THIS time there is only one picture worth writing about at any length.

The other two press-shown (not counting Antonioni at the National Film Theatre, *hors concours* as far as the ordinary filmgoer is concerned) were German and Swedish, one glossily lit in



SWORD DANCE OF SAMURAI

[Tokyo 1961]

the style of the nineteen-thirties and aimed at the totally uncritical public that will eagerly queue for any film with a prostitute in it, the other a poor (and pretty dull-witted) man's version of *Les Tricheurs* with all the character left out and every "shocking" moment rammed home with an electric riveter.

The good one is British, *The Mark* (Director: Guy Green), which is a textbook example, proving conclusively to all except the seventy-five per cent of moviegoers who would never admit it even if they were convinced, the impossibility of judging from a description of the subject whether a film is worth seeing or not. Those who sturdily say they "just want entertainment" would count it madness to go to any film capable of being described—as this undoubtedly will be by most people who have even heard of it—as "about a sex maniac." Try to convince them that it isn't as simple as that, and they just aren't with you; they've put their own limited and inadequate imaginations to work on the idea "sex maniac," failed (in about a quarter of a minute) to come up with any possibility of a story that would appeal to them, and concluded, flatly and finally, that nobody else could produce one either. These people probably stopped reading this as soon as they saw the phrase; they're quite impenetrable.

There are, of course, also those—and I heard some of them talking after this film—who are so hypnotized by words that even after enjoying something they will, if they realize it would sound unattractive in a verbal description, declare—and indeed convince themselves—that they *didn't* enjoy it. And the rest of the seventy-five per cent is made up of the totally uncritical public mentioned in the first paragraph, who will go *because* of the idea "sex maniac," find an intelligent well-done film with no horrors and very little sex, and in their disappointment join the others in disapproval of the trend of the cinema. One step nearer another bowling alley.

In fact, the director of *The Angry Silence* has done another good one, and I don't see how anybody of sense and imagination, anybody interested in people and willing to think of them as individuals and not as symbols or types, could fail to be absorbed by it—absorbed, cheered and stimulated, with an enlargement of sympathy for the human race. Its central character, Jim Fuller (Stuart Whitman) is trying to make a new life after imprisonment, and its strongest point is the relationship between him and the psychiatrist McNally (Rod Steiger) he has to see regularly as a condition of his release. McNally is the most believable psychiatrist ever seen on the screen, and the interviews between the two men carry absolute conviction: one can see exactly what the doctor is trying to do, and how and why his treatment has been and is being effective. This is because of sensitive direction,



[The Mark

Dr. Edmund McNally—ROD STEIGER

Ruth—MARIA SCHELL

Jim Fuller—STUART WHITMAN

writing (Sidney Buchman and Stanley Mann from a novel by Charles Israel) and acting. Mr. Steiger is outstandingly good in these scenes. (I had seen his name in the cast list, but though I knew there was something familiar about McNally it was quite a time after his first appearance before I realized who the actor was.)

As always when real film technique is used, the flashbacks showing the nature and history of Fuller's mental sickness have been criticized as stylistically irritating. In my view their broken, cloudy style is the reason for their success. They are introduced as his memories, and they are in the dreamlike form of memories, as only a film can present them. Yet we get a coherent, credible picture of what he did, how his treatment began in prison, the way his secret motives were dragged out of him, and why this eased his mind and started him back to normal life.

And the direct narrative shows the appalling difficulties he is up against once his past is revealed. Prurience, lack of imagination, business caution (the boss sympathizes, but the publicity might harm the firm), selfishness, and sheer unreason (the shattering climax when even the woman who loves him impulsively shows distrust) seem to rule out any prospect of social acceptance; and the hopeful ending is, to be sure, a matter of luck. But it isn't beyond possibility or against character, and it doesn't spoil the film. Mr. Whitman excellently shows the progress and gradually increasing confidence of the young man, and the whole thing is

sincere, civilized, adult, admirably done and—I insist—enjoyable.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, *Shadows* (27/7/60 and 26/10/60), *L'Avventura* (7/12/60) and *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60) continue. Then there are Jacques Becker's last film, *The Hole* (1/2/61), and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (9/11/60), and *Love and the Frenchwoman* (4/1/61), and *Les Tricheurs* (16/1/61). *Never on Sunday* (30/11/60) is good fun, and *The Sundowners* (25/1/61) is visually splendid and pleasing in a simpler way. And the Hampstead Everyman is repeating its season of Ingmar Bergman films in chronological order, beginning this week with *Port of Call* (next Monday, 13th: *Summer Interlude*).

One good new release: *Elmer Gantry* (28/12/60—145 mins.).

— RICHARD MALLET

AT THE OPERA

Ariadne on Naxos (SADLER'S WELLS)

FOR the plain operagoer who hopes (as well he may) to pick up the story at the first go and see "real" people on the stage, people who suffer basic pains, joys and predicaments, this middle-period opera (1916) by Richard Strauss has little to offer but its scented, curvaceous and inexpressibly pretty music.

In the prologue, the Composer (supposedly male but sung, bless my eyes and spectacles, by a comely soprano) is knocked sideways by news that his patron, a 17th-century Viennese parvenu,

"Psychologically handicapped my foot!
You're just bone idle!"



has decreed thus: to save time and bring forward the fireworks his new opera shall be performed at an imminent ballroom entertainment *simultaneously* with a very knockabout harlequinade. We feel for the Composer rather. More to the point than our compassion however is our delight in the Composer's melody hereabouts, perhaps the most poignant and elegantly poised that Strauss ever wrote. (It is quoted memorably in his *Bourgeois Gentleman* suite, an offshoot score.)

In this production (by Anthony Besch, with designs by Peter Rice), as in others I have seen, the opera-harlequinade mix-up when it did befall was tame, cumbersome and uncomic. Just the thing for audiences under the crumbling Hohenzollern Empire but light-years away from the needs and tastes of our own time. If Strauss's music had been ill played and ill sung the night would have gone woefully. Despite two late-hour cast changes owing to sickness, the singing on the whole was Straussian and good. After an uneasy start in the prologue, Elizabeth Fretwell did truly and opulently by the Ariadne arias. Her nymph attendants were well in the stylistic picture. Alberto Remedios (Bacchus) sang the tenor music with silver-edged certitude. And June Bronhill, as go-between Zerbinetta (a philosopherette who bridges the philistine, æsthetic and mythological worlds), threw off her coloratura fireworks as though they were no nightmare at all. Not least among the night's musical

pleasures which Colin Davis conducted with zest, was the orchestral playing, a luscious web with some surprising strands in it, notably harmonium and solo piano.

— CHARLES REID

ON THE AIR

Always Above Board?

SOMETIMES I find myself wondering about the backstage goings-on of *Candid Camera*. This, need I add, is Commercial TV's programme of contrived misadventures in which ordinary people are made the victims of ingenious practical jokes and the audience's satisfaction hangs on the degree of bewilderment or embarrassment engendered. The programme is compèred with ogling oiliness by an otherwise thoroughly competent Bob Monkhouse, and it is his duty, I have no doubt, to convince viewers that everything is above board and just a good old rollicking sample of homely fun.

But is it? There is certainly much to laugh at in the items presented: it is the ones that get away slightly wounded that worry me. Watching one man's angry response to the suggestion that he should admit a gang of furniture removers and an unwanted piano to his house, I am killjoy enough to suspect that this filmed episode is one of many on the same theme, that other householders have responded less amusingly to

the knock of the TV gatecrashers, that palms have been greased, that many people have been disturbed and some upset to provide the Commercial audience with its pound or so of fleshy rib-tickle. After all there is nothing to prevent any one of us, in our capacity as private citizens, from trying out these tricks on our fellows. Nothing, that is, except the risk of a sock on the nose from our would-be victim or the blast of a policeman's whistle. The point is, I suppose, that the magic word "television" charms away all damage, annoyance and embarrassment. We are the dupes of the window box. "It's all right! It's all right! Not to worry. We're doing it for the old telly. You'd like to see yourself on the old telly, wouldn't you, eh? And, of course, there's a fee for you in any case. So don't look so angry. All in fun, you know. Ah, that's better. Knew you'd play the game. Have a good laugh about this later on when you've quietened down. You see!"

It would be interesting to have the facts from the producers of *Candid Camera*—the number of stabs made before a gag produces adequate film, the number of victims whose resentment is too deep to be depicted, and the number of black eyes suffered weekly by the production team.

Candid Camera is symptomatic. Far too many programmes to-day are prepared, it seems, to swallow pride and integrity in the mad quest for laughs or tears. The BBC's *This Is Your Life* is based on one big white lie that may involve thousands of people in well-meaning but basically dishonourable deception. Wives white-lie to their husbands and children, people are hoaxed into studios with prepared mental scripts that are not required: and all to make a television holiday. And anyone who fails to accept the programme's peculiar code of ethics is automatically branded as a spoil-sport. I don't dig it.

Every week Channel One's *Juke Box Jury* pretends to pull a fast one on its panel of commentators. One or more of the recording artists whose work is juke and boxed is invited to be present behind a screen during the footling judgment and the audience is invited to believe that the panel has no idea of the hidden star's identity. Pish! and likewise Tush! It is the duty of all connected with the world of discs to know the whereabouts of the performers, so that by a process of elementary logic it is almost invariably certain that non-starters can be eliminated and the screened "victim" suitably praised.

Am I growing too old for the antics of this TV generation, or what? Do others find programmes on astrology (*Woman's Hour*) as nauseating as I? Do others regret the moral support given to card-flipping chicanery by John Freeman and other celebrities? I wonder. In this mood all I know is that I do not like the TV race; I do not like its double face.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

BOOKING OFFICE

CUPID EMBALMED

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

Love and Death in The American Novel.
Leslie A. Fiedler. *Criterion*, 60/-

THIS book is like a parody of an American literary doctoral thesis: it is very, very long (605 pages, including the preface) and it seems longer; it is Teutonically thorough and humourless; it is ingeniously, elaborately contrived to accommodate a vast assortment of facts, some of them wonderfully obscure, without causing any unsightly bulges in the smoothly rounded, simple comprehensive generalization (American novelists, afraid of love, love death); it is an eye-bruising, brain-numbing discourse that must have been hard work to prepare; and, if the reader is willing to work hard too, the whole exercise, much to one's surprise, finally seems worth while. Even it one disagrees with Mr. Fiedler's harsh assessments of many of his country's more successful novelists, one is almost certain to find that his allegations stimulate as much as they exhaust one.

Mr. Fiedler is now Professor of English and Director of the Humanities Program at Montana State University, in Missoula. Montana is generally noted for mineral, rather than cultural, riches; for vigour rather than refinement. Living in that remote, raw part of the western hinterland of the United States, after having lived in New York, Princeton and Rome, Mr. Fiedler may perhaps have derived a special vindictive pleasure from his scornful attack on so many novelists whose books, in his opinion, exhibit emotional and intellectual failings, and from his theory, repeatedly asserted, that the faults of American novelists are peculiar faults of America: America made them, and they in turn helped to make America, what they are. He believes that the mutual influence is still causing its pernicious effects, and he seems for the sake of argument to have drawn an exaggeratedly gloomy picture of both his country and its literature. In his preface he quickly establishes the mournful theme:

"The failure of the American fictionist to deal with adult heterosexual love and his consequent obsession with death, incest and innocent homosexuality are not merely matters of historical interest or literary relevance. They affect the lives we lead from day to day and influence the writers in whom the consciousness of our plight is given clarity and form."

In his introduction he adds:

"Our great novelists, though experts on indignity and assault, on loneliness and terror, tend to avoid treating the passionate encounter of a man and woman, which we expect at the centre of a novel. Indeed, they rather shy away from permitting in their fictions the presence of any full-fledged, mature women, giving us instead monsters of virtue and bitchery, symbols of the rejection or fear of sexuality."

In the sections that follow, he traces the novelists' changing attitudes to women from 1789 to 1959, from the early immigrants' rejection of fatherland and father and the adulation of Mom and the ideal virginal heroine to the

time of male frustration and angry revenge ("from Lucy to Lolita"). The Sermon on The Mount, as he puts it, yielded to the Code of The West, which yielded at last to the more complicated pathological maladjustments of urban life, in which sexuality and death morbidly coincide. He claims that "necrophilia . . . has always so oddly been an essential part of American romance," but since the days of Henry James and Edgar Allan Poe literary indulgence in this sort of aberration has become more blatant and less sentimental.

On the way Mr. Fiedler hits out in almost all directions. He bashes F. Scott Fitzgerald ("His outrage and self-pity constantly break through the pattern of his fiction"), Ernest Hemingway ("... in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* Hemingway has written the most absurd love scene in the history of the American novel . . ."), William Faulkner ("Not even the Marquis de Sade dreamed so utter a travesty of sentimental clichés . . ."), Sherwood Anderson (beside Faulkner's "brutality and terror," "Anderson's sentimentality is revealed in all its inadequacy"), Booth Tarkington ("heavy-handed cuteness"), etc., etc., etc.

Moby Dick, *The Scarlet Letter* and *Huckleberry Finn* are analysed in interesting detail and there are short discussions of countless other novels that support Mr. Fiedler's argument. The few novelists of whom he approves include Nathanael West, and so, because of my unbounded admiration for *Miss Lonelyhearts*, many of Mr. Fiedler's offences—even his use of the hideous word *de-mythicize*—can be forgiven.

NEW NOVELS

Felo de Se. Aidan Higgins. *John Calder*, 11/6

Golk. Richard G. Stern. *Macgibbon and Kee*, 16/-

A Man Possessed. Sidney Bigman. *Secker and Warburg*, 16/-

The Insider. James Kelly. *Robert Hale*, 15/-

The *avant-garde* is no longer with us. This is a pity, though it is not surprising. It depends upon a settled conception of art, against which it protests; and nowadays there is no settled conception of art. Anyone can write anything, and all too many writers take advantage of the fact. However, though new movements no longer surprise us, they do still exist, and John Calder, the publisher of *The Evergreen Review* in England, represents them for us valiantly. It is true that their newest discovery, Aidan Higgins, does write in a well-charted style;

BEHIND THE SCENES



14—BERNARD MILES, C.B.E.

Mine host of the Mermaid

comparisons with Joyce and Beckett immediately spring to mind. This at least suggests that Mr. Higgins writes to be taken seriously.

And so he should be. Mr. Higgins's theme, in this collection of six impressive short stories, is the masochistic, suicidal impulse of mankind; the characters are all, in one way or another, seeking a final escape from human difficulty, through sex, through withdrawal, through travel in a torn world. Mr. Higgins's landscapes and characters encompass Europe, and he has a corresponding urbanity of human understanding. Most impressive of all is his way of handling his stories; he states not just by indirection but by incrementation. I recommend Mr. Higgins, and hope you will buy his book. It is available in two editions—the original paperback edition and a bound library edition at 16/6.

Golk is a novel about a terrifying figure of that name who has a television "Candid Camera" programme. He moves from shots of people caught in moments of absurdity to exposure of corrupt figures on the American national scene. The novel is a fantasy, done in the manner of Nathaniel West, with a good deal of intellectual and moral punch. Golk becomes a crusader, concerned with revealing ever larger human follies. But, the book recognizes, Golk not only reveals but creates these follies by the nature of the programme, and this in the end he comes to realize. But when he realizes this, his programme ceases to be entertainment and becomes real, and no one is interested in it any longer.

Richard Stern in writing *Golk* is concerned with the problem of morality in a non-moral world. The two last books here show, in their different ways, the standard of that non-moral world. Mr. Bigman, in *A Man Possessed*, clearly has a real and sensitive talent; but his story about a young man in French-Canada bent upon his own self-destruction has great difficulties which he doesn't succeed in solving. Unlike

Aidan Higgins, who is well removed from his characters and presents them as symbolic entities, Mr. Bigman is on top of his hero. He half-admires him. So, too, do many of the characters about him, for no understandable reason. It is evident that Mr. Bigman is trying to show us the difficulties of a sensitive young man in French-Canada, where an oppressive morality and a closed community stifle intelligence and talent; and, indeed, in rendering the atmosphere of the province and town of Quebec Mr. Bigman does a splendid job. But social difficulties do not of themselves explain moral problems or alter our conception of the hero, which cannot, I think, be Mr. Bigman's.

The same problem crops up in intensified form with James Kelly's *The Insider*. (It also shares with Mr. Bigman's book an incredible number of typographical errors.) Mort Noyes, a suave, corrupt and very presentable Madison Avenue adman, lies, cheats and whores to win friends and influence people. Then, in a curious reversal of approach, we discover that Noyes isn't so bad after all. Society needs people like him and a lot of folks are rather worse. Mr. Kelly is himself an advertising man, but this is one attitude that he can't sell. He does give a fascinating picture of the Mad. Ave. world, but its values, presented to us straight, are too low to carry a novel. —MALCOLM BRADBURY

TURBULENT POET

Guillaume Apollinaire and the Cubist Life. Cecily Mackworth. *Murray*, 25/-

Any recapitulation of Guillaume Apollinaire's life would hold points of general interest because the drama of his romantic and turbulent experience is as moving and lyrical as his poetry—poetry which is rapidly becoming as fashionable and popular (certainly in France) as that of Baudelaire and Verlaine. Apollinaire, born at the end of the nineteenth century, provides in his work and personality an admirable subject-link from the old century to the modernity of the twentieth century.

Miss Mackworth's especial success in her biographical reconstruction of facts (so diligently revealed in M. André Billy's and M. Marcel Adéma's studies) shows in her re-examination of the second half of Apollinaire's destiny-conscious life. That is after his break with Marie Laurencin, in 1911 when he was involved in the scandal of the *Mona Lisa* theft from the Louvre.

Until that date the colourful details of Apollinaire's illegitimacy, friendship with Picasso, championship of the "Douanier" Rousseau, and love for Marie Laurencin are almost legendary facts. What happened afterwards is less clear, and that gap in between, until his death on the day before the Armistice of 1918, is less well known.

Miss Mackworth is admirably expert in her retracing, and her enthusiasm and

dedication makes an enthralling continuity. Her double theme of Apollinaire linked to the cubists is interesting, yet surely not as valid as she insists. Even so its inclusion clarifies the social background of Parisian life in artistic circles at that time. Genuinely entertaining for those who enjoy adding to their store of literary and artistic period snapshots.

— KAY DICK

TWOPENCE COLOURED

The Man Who Started the War. Günter Peis. *Odams*, 18/-

This fantastically macabre story of Alfred Naujocks, one-time powerful technical director of Reinhard Heydrich's sinister *Sicherheitsdienst*—the Nazi Security Service—is told with a wealth of improbable conversation and a noteworthy lack of precise dates by Günter Peis, a German picture magazine journalist. Naujocks reveals countless criminal activities, dwelling especially upon his faking of the Gleiwitz incident which Hitler used to prove Polish provocation and justify his march into Poland on August 31 1939.

The Nazis had trained Naujocks as a spy and so successful was his career that the Führer awarded him the iron cross. This is the man who confessed to the forgery of the £5 notes intended to disrupt Britain's economy; to the establishment of a brothel for foreign diplomats; to the frame-up that led to Stalin's purge of 1937 in which "an estimated 35,000 people died in the reign of terror," still further magnified in the jacket blurb to "35,000 Red Army Officers." This might indeed appear a remarkable record to be met, when retribution came, with merely a three-year sentence. —C. CONWAY PLUMBE

AFICIONADO

A Lifetime with the Law. A. E. Bowker. *W. H. Allen*, 21/-

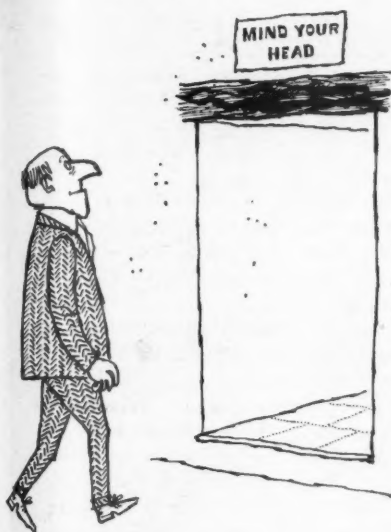
Mr. Bowker, who has been clerk to Marshall Hall and Lord Birkett, gives a dramatic picture of life in the Temple. This is the law as seen by a stage-struck member of the supporters' club. Will our man win? Has he ever been more eloquent? Mr. Bowker seems incurious about jurisprudence and even about the legal system. It would never occur to him to wonder whether the career of Marshall Hall, with melodrama where there should have been logic, might not have been a public disaster, however much it was a series of private triumphs.

Mr. Bowker's strongest emotion is an almost feudal feeling for personal service. He would never support the development of chambers into law firms and clerks into business managers. But what about the able beginner who has a lazy clerk or the leading silk who falls foul of his clerk and finds his practice dropping away? An easily readable little book with some new forensic stories and a strong flavour of simple loyalty that is moving.

— R. G. G. PRICE



"... I would just like to add a few short words..."



ARCHITECTURE WITHOUT TEARS

The Concise Encyclopædia of Archaeology. Edited by Leonard Cottrell. Hutchinson, 50/-

This is a notable attempt to provide the non-specialist or "intelligent amateur" with a ready means of reference to basic information about archaeological sites and discoveries all over the world, about ancient people from Java Man onwards, and about archaeologists themselves and the technical terms they employ. It should be a great comfort to the many who nowadays like to dip into prehistory but too often find themselves stumped by a casual reference to La Tène or tholos tombs. One regrets omissions, as always in this kind of compilation. A few plans and diagrams would have been useful (e.g. of outstanding sites like Knossos and of such typical constructions as a "Megaron" house or a Bronze Age barrow); so would some comparative tables of dates covering the more recent millennia. The editor's decision to neglect classical Greece and Rome almost entirely is understandable, on the ground that information about them is readily available, but it seems strange to look in vain for, say, Verulamium. Still, with over 300 pages of text, 16 colour plates, 150 pages of splendid photographs, and a list of distinguished contributors almost as worldwide as the subjects covered, the reader can hardly complain.

— H. F. ELLIS

COLD WAR ECONOMICS

The Cost of Freedom. Henry C. Wallich. Harper and Brothers, N.Y., \$3.75

In recent years the Americans have taken an increasing interest in economic theory. They know, and accept, that totalitarian socialism is capable of bettering the productive capacity of *laissez-faire* capitalism; they remember that Khrushchev has said "We will bury

you"; and they are therefore desperately anxious to justify their way of economic life. Mr. Wallich has no real doubts. The ultimate value of a free economy is not its productive efficiency but its inherent freedom, and to preserve this liberty sacrifices have to be made. What sacrifices? Inequality of material wealth, property, income and consumption. The conservative course runs on incentives and incentives mean differentials.

To many British readers this defence of free enterprise will no doubt seem too fulsome—"As a result of his (Senator McCarthy's) investigations, a number of people lost their jobs in the government. Many of them found a haven somewhere in the anonymous reaches of the free market. In this curious way, persons who may not have been extreme admirers of free enterprise were led to discover one of its advantages." Do the Communists rationalize their misfortunes so neatly when they happen to be banished

to Siberia, I wonder? A stimulating and very useful analysis.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

FOCUS ON KETTERINGHAM

Victorian Miniature. Owen Chadwick. Hodder and Stoughton, 25/-

Professor Chadwick's spy-hole on the Victorian scene is the little village of Ketteringham, in Norfolk, as seen through the pages of diaries and letters kept by Sir John Boileau and the Reverend William Andrew—respectively squire and parson to the community. Restricted though such a viewpoint may seem to be the author focuses a striking picture of the mid-19th century in this fine piece of research and interpretation.

The main theme is the clash of will between two powerful personalities over a long period of time, and in a restricted orbit—an inevitable clash between a man of God, utterly dedicated to his job with beliefs sternly interpreted into the pattern of his daily life, and a strong-minded landowner who, Christian though he was, had a firm sense of ownership, and whose actions were as often dictated by expediency as by conviction. Andrew preached the Gospel to all who came—Boileau wanted his church to confine itself to the needs of his village and to lie always under his direction.

— JOHN DURRANT

CREDIT BALANCE

Orphan Island. Rose Macaulay. Collins, 18/-. A timely reprint of Miss Macaulay's comic and pointed novel about a matriarchal society in the Victorian mould built up among an islandful of shipwrecked orphans; with an admirable introduction by Alan Price-Jones.

The Kilroy Gambit. Irwin R. Blacker. Cassell, 15/-. Exciting yarn about head of secret agency who is caught between love, the enemy and a Senatorial investigation. Bluff and counter-bluff in Kabul and Washington. Usual exposure of political corruption compared with the radiant purity of the Old Soldier.



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The Almanack is a special extra issue, normally published in November. Please enter an annual subscription in my name. My remittance is enclosed.

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

FOR WOMEN



When a Young Man's Fancy...

MY son fell in love again last month. This happens two or three times a year. He usually says This Time it is Different. He has gone a step further and says This Time it is the Real Thing.

We like him being in love. It means we hardly see him. He is quiet at breakfast, goes off to his studies all day, returns for a quick tea, bath and change, and is off to meet Her forthwith. We seldom see him again before we retire. It also means he baths and shaves every day without being asked, cajoled, shouted at, implored, or as a last resort, ordered to do these small things.

We do not have to listen to his musical choice for evenings on end. This is either r. 'n' r. (lessening in its popularity, thank goodness, as his twenties approach) or solid harpsichord long play, which sounds a little tinny to our ears during the third hour.

Housekeeping accounts show a good credit for once. We can afford to entertain more during these periods. When the current love is brought home

she never eats a hearty meal. She toys with morsels, the while she gazes at my male offspring, obviously longing to get away from the rest of us.

I remember my first words on seeing him nearly twenty years ago. I said "He's just like a pug." The rugged, pug-faced lad appears to be more handsome than we thought. Indeed, my daughter, after careful study to discover what They see in her brother, has reported that by candlelight he is quite glam.

Alas! The path of love, true or otherwise, never runs smooth.

The first, or Introductory-Probation Phase, is the best for all concerned. It is then we have the eagerness to please, the urge for outer cleanliness, the pressing (by himself) of suitings, Bedfords, jackets, ties, scarves. The charm is practised on us at home, to ensure perfection in action. No more the surly grunts, the voracious animal rushing through dinner with revolting noise, tearing off when the last mouthful is downed, unless it is a dreaded evening in, with music. The precious motor-bike can rust. Only urgent repairs are carried out, so that oily rags, filthy tools, tyres, what-have-yous are not brought into his room for overhaul.

This phase is too short for us, even if it is prolonged for eight weeks.

Phase Two is soon with us. This lasts the longest. It is the seeing every day, staying up late, talking or dancing or dining every night time. Too tired every morning, sleepy, grumpy, late up, late for breakfast, late leaving home. He has to be called half a dozen times at least before he even hears.

This might be termed the Panic Phase, for the rest of the family. We all begin to think it might be serious.



"What d'you mean, what have I done to my face? Haven't you seen this new pale lipstick before?"

We worry. But presently the first ominous sign appears. There is a request one Thursday "Could you lend me five bob, please?" The next week it is a request for £1 on the Tuesday. He is getting broke. The testing time has come.

No sensible, normal young man in his late teens likes to be penniless. The battle, Woman versus Solvency, is on. Phase Three is here. The Painless Disposal.

There are long and earnest talks with each of us. He examines the situation from every angle. It is foolish in the extreme to marry young, while one is still studying. He announces what we all knew. He has been seeing too much of her. He is not "at home" when she phones. We refuse to lie to the poor, unhappy nearly ex-love, so he dashes out of the front door like a frightened stag when he hears the telephone. As we receive a lot of calls during an average evening, he may do this five or six times before the expected call arrives. My husband, who has often waited fifteen minutes or longer for the heir to our overdrafts when they are going out together, is always amazed at his speed.

Doubt, certainty, contrition and other emotions hold sway for a few days each. At last Phase Three is over. My son breathes a great sigh of relief, rings up all his male friends and goes out on parties unencumbered by women. He says what we all know "It's wonderful to be free."

But is it?

— DIANA CHILDE

Jolly Good Fellow

WHAT can I do with my great red hands,
Where look with my shifty eyes?
For the moment's come and the eager band's
Tuned up and my old friends rise...
But I am alone and aghast, and my face
Is red, and my ear-wide grin
Is fixed, though my heart is all over the place,
And they're all teed up to begin.
Though decked to the nines, beminked and bepearled,
I'm trembling from cleavage to hem—
The least jolly fellow in all of the world,
No matter what say all of them.

— MARGOT CROSSE

Almanack Toby Competition Result

(Create Your Own Peers)

THIS competition was set in the *Punch* Almanack on Nov. 7 with a three-month time-lag, to enable overseas readers to compete. Entrants were asked to provide a reference-book

biography and motto for the peer whose arms are illustrated here. The Old English Sheepdog was usually taken for a yeti; there were some ingenious explanations of the crest. There is, alas, no room for the notes to the Rev. E. J. A. Easten's splendidly scholarly entry. The winner is:



DOUGLAS ANDERSON
185 MACQUARIE STREET
SYDNEY

The Viscount BLETCHLEY (John Hopkins), of Bletchley Junction, co. Buckinghamshire, where he was born in 1870; entered county constabulary in his native town, 1888; chief constable and master of the sleuth hounds, 1899-1930; introduced Chinese system of private commissions known as "squeeze" whereby business interests co-operate with police, 1905; cut by leading citizens after the Flybynight Club scandals 1909, but exonerated by Select Committee; thereafter his wife placed his uprightness beyond question by the gift of a gyroscope; effected permanent purification of English literature, 1909, by famous series of prosecutions of booksellers (hence the achievement of an "open book proper" in his Arms); appointed 1930 chairman of the Royal Commission on Kissing, of which minutes of evidence already exceed 50,000 pages (hence the grant of a nebula in his Arms). Created a Viscount, 1960; married 1908 Gertrude de Gongh. Hobby: Collecting birds' eggs to remind him of his youth.

Motto: *Dextro Consummatum Est Baculo* (Clever Staff Work Gets You There).

Following are the runners-up:

MOUNTEVEREST, Viscount (Sir Robert Constable-St. Bernard) Baron Carrantuohill in the Peerage of the Republic of Ireland (cr 1998), Baron Bennevis of Scotland (cr 1999), cr Viscount 2001. Born 7 November 1960. Educated Merchant Taylors and Mars University (B.A. 1984) m 1 (1988) Xyzlm 13th dau. of Pqrkx 8436271 of Venus (whom he divorced 1989) and had issue (6 sons); m 2 (1989) Gloria Audition of Hollywood, Cal., U.S.A.

Served in Royal Astronautical Regiment in Milky Way Campaign (1993). M.P. (Abstentionist) West Ulster 1984-1998. Chairman Dentodaz Toothpaste Ltd., The Egg Marketing Board, Interstellar Press Ltd., Gyro Spacecafes Ltd., Bubu Ltd., Underground Railway Preservation Society.

Author *The Space Race, The Rat Race, The Human Race, The Summit Race, The Abominable No-man*.

Clubs: Royal Astronautical, Climbers, Top Dogs. Residence: The Summit, Mount Everest, Nepal.

Motto: Love the Highest.

Francis Wayne, Graffham Court, Petworth, Sussex.

The Viscount PHILPOTT of ACCRINGTON (Peregrine Peeler-Yetty Esq.) b. Yukon 1890. Self-educated. Naturalized Canadian citizen 1905. Disillusioned with Doukhobors and assumed name by deed-poll 1912. First man to market toothpaste in semi-elliptical tins. Pioneer of space-saving tête-bêche egg-packaging system. Best-selling author of illuminated volume *Ova and Under*. Hampstead Heath Downhill Slalom Champion 1958. Founder member of Oxo (Oearina and Xylophone Orchestra) and Chairman of the Doodlers Society of Gt. Britain (Inc.). Col. Warsaw Lancers (1916-17), L/Cpl. Pioneer Corps (1939-45). Motto: *Status Quid Pro Quo*.

A. Heighe, Swedish School of Economics, Helsingfors, Finland.

Baron BLACKBAITER of Notting Hill (Sir Alfred "Jack" Nuttins) of no fixed address; educ. privately and Borstal (City & Guilds apprentice egg blowers' cert., part 1, failed, 1939); Proprietor Alf's Spicy Bookshop, Edgware Rd. 1941; conscientious objector 1943; inventor continuous extrusion process for marijuana-base bubble

gum 1948; Managing Dir. "AntiPanda" Ltd., manf'rs "Black & White together-Never!" racial riot do-it-yourself kits; inaugurated payment-for-protection plan for interplanetary settlers 1965; Convenor Club for Comfort of Constables Convicted of Collusion with Criminals; founder, first chm. BBC (Board Bribery & Corruption); Pres. MCC 1970 (Master Criminals Convention); founder Alf Nuttins Prize for Two-upmanship Bermondsey Reformatory; Selected *Tailor & Cutter* as best-dressed man to appear in dock at Bow Street, 1966, 1967, 1968; influence in politics 1971, raised to peerage as Baron Blackbaiter 1972; other interests: balancing on knife edges; animal-lover; m. Alison Letitia Papadakis, 8th daughter Georgiou Papadakis of Frith St., Soho & Cyprus, (Date unrecorded).

Motto: Jack's All Right, Jack.

J. J. Waterman, 97 Stewart Terrace, Aberdeen.

The Viscount SELENUS, (Bernard Constable) of Mare Istrium, Moon. First Viscount, born 1961, educated at Merchant Taylors school and Moscow University, (D.Sc. 1987). Inventor of gyroscopic directional astronautical navigation, and system of alimentation by tube under spatial conditions. First man to make round trip to the moon 1990, followed by exploratory journeys to Mars and Venus 2001 and 2010. Authority on Martian fauna. Author of *Encyclopaedia Astronomica*, founder of Interplanetary Zoological Society. Created a Viscount in June 1991. Only son of John Bernard Constable and Mary Leadbetter. Married (1989) Titania, only daughter of Petro Popoff of Krushevgrad. One daughter, Martia, born 1990. Seats: Luna Park, Mare Istrium, Moon—Constable House, Weston-super-Mare. England. Motto: *Ad Augusta Per Astra*.

Mrs. Cynthia Espinoza, Casólla de Correo 651, Asuncion, Paraguay, South America.

The Viscount NESTOR (Sir Cyrus Perse) of Mildendo and Burley-in-Wharfedale, co. Yk; b. nr. Bradford, Oct. 1858, but exposed on Ilkley Moor; found by the light of Donati's Comet; educ. in shepherd's hut and Metropolitan Police Coll.; emigrated N.Z. 1877; champion sheep shearer 1880; fleecing men inst. of sheep made fortune as hair-dresser; research on kea (Nestor Notabilis) said to attack kidneys of living sheep; sailing home invented gyroscopic compass; testing voyage to Madagascar w. Bishop and cargo of Bibles 1888, hoping to discover Roc's Egg, brought by faulty compass to Blefuscu and Lilliput, wh. he annexed to the Br. Crown; invented hand speaking-tube with little end for Lilliputians to speak up. Knighted 1887; created Viscount Nestor May 24th 1890; m. 1889 Adelaide, 4th d. of Wm. Shefin Deffor Gue, Emp. of Lilliput; no issue.

Motto: I Bear a King's Name.

The Rev. E. J. A. Easten, Church Corner, Burley, Ringwood, Hants.



"You don't think by any chance that clover could be an aphrodisiac?"

This Week's Competition

No. 152.—Forsooth, Jack

WRITE up to 120 words of a romantic-historical novel written in the distant future about the nineteen-sixties.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, February 15.** Address to TOBY COMPETITIONS No. 152, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 149 (Bargains for All)

An unusually large number of competitors devised advertisements for sales in fields other than the conventional January drapery. For some macabre reason a high proportion offered bargains by undertakers; the next most popular line was the Law. A disqualifying factor in a good many cases was the lack of a convincing reason for the sale. The winner was:

R. D. MACLEAN
97 MILLWAY
MILL HILL
LONDON, N.W.7

DISPOSAL OF FLUID ASSETS

Exceptional summer weather enables us to offer unparalleled quantities of Thames Water at BARGAIN PRICES.

OVER 27,000,000 GALLONS AVAILABLE!

FILL UP YOUR TANK! TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!

As a thirst quencher there is nothing quite like it! Wholesome, healthgiving! See the whole family gets its ration of T.W. daily! Quantities of up to 50,000 gallons, filtered, chlorinated and delivered to your sink at the unbeatable low price of—

FIVEPENCE PER TON

SEND NO MONEY! Just state your needs and our representative will call.

Apply, Metropolitan Water Board

(We regret no goods can be sent on approval)

Following are the runners-up:

BRITISH RAILWAYS

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

Unique opportunity for running your own railway.

Of Special interest to Railway Preservation Societies.

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He looks ahead to see
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Substitute for polygamy

ONE OF THE odd things about high fashion—and goodness knows it has plenty—is that attitudes to it do not cleave along lines of sex. Almost as many women as men think it impossible; there are as many wives to say, "I wouldn't be seen dead," as husbands to cry, "What, that thing."



With the designing, and the description, of haute couture, it is quite another matter—though just as odd. Its great designers are men (have they always been, I wonder? Saul clothed the daughters of Israel "in scarlet and other delights".) To write about it evidently calls for a woman.

Fresh and luminous

This seems to me an astonishing ability, and no one that I know does it better than Katharine Whitehorn the new Fashion Editor of The Observer. It is not merely that she can find words for what, to me, is expressed in vague groping gestures of the hands ("It goes like *this*, and then out, *here*"). They are fresh and luminous words, so that I know not only what the clothes look like, but why they look like that. Her writing has a distinctive flavour. "Fashion is the West's alternative to polygamy: instead of different women, men get the same woman looking different." Or again: "Clothes that keep the same line year after year get to be unbearably dull. And then, to liven them up, you get all sorts of bits and pieces, pompons and capes and wacky little seamings."

This sort of thing can be enjoyed and understood by anybody, whether they can wear the clothes or not. Miss Whitehorn makes one feel one would like to meet her.

But do not imagine that her colleagues on the women's pages of The Observer are in any danger of being outshone. Patience Gray on shopping; Eirlys Roberts of "Which", a most welcome guest; Syllabub on cooking; the wide-ranging Bridget Colgan . . . though, mind, *that* wasn't what I meant by a substitute for polygamy. J.B.L.



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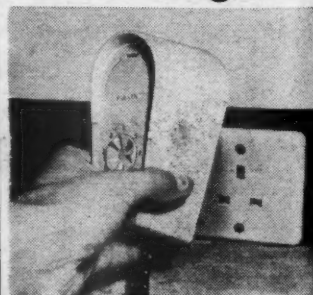
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GUINNESS PETS PAGE N° 3

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Because we all deplore
Its speed along the floor.
Old Aesop's a disgrace—
A tortoise *cannot* race!

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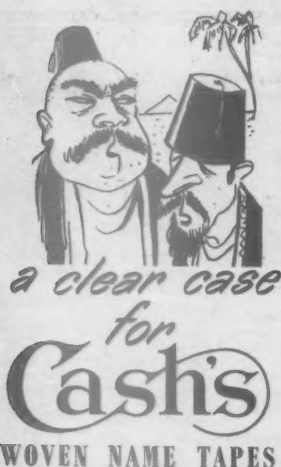
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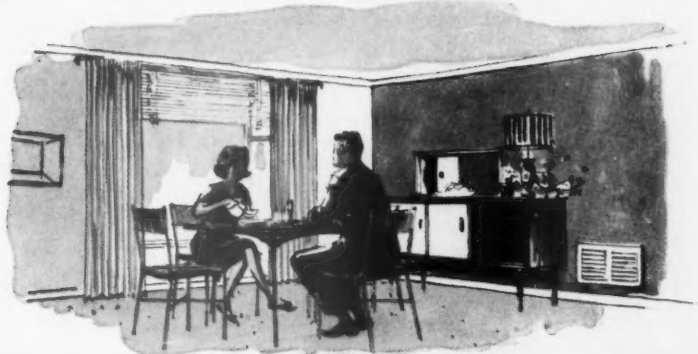
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